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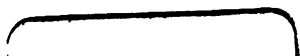
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# THE WORLD OF JUST YOU AND I

BY "BILL BARLOW"

1. Wit and humor, American

✓



4.  $E \times X$







*Photo by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler, Chicago*

**MERRIS CLARK BARROW**  
("Bill Barlow—The Sagebrush Philosopher")



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**MRS. MINNIE L. BARROW**  
"Mrs. Sell the Book Keep"







*Photo by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler, Chicago*

**MRS. MINNIE F. BARROW**  
("Mrs. Bill, the Book-keep")



***"Bill Barlow's" Book***

***The World  
of Just You and I***

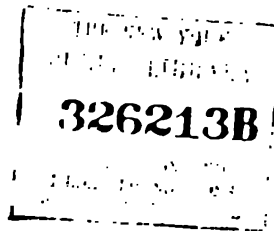
***Being a selection of the best of  
"The Sagebrush Philosopher's"  
writings, from the originals, as  
published by "Bill" at the  
Budget Printshop***

***Published by***

***MRS. MINNIE F. BARROW***

***Douglas, Wyoming***

***1911***



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PUBLISHED JULY, 1911



## "BILL BARLOW."

It has been given to but few men to write as "The Sagebrush Philosopher" has written. Few men have succeeded in welding to themselves such friendships as were his—none were more deserving of such friendship.

Nurtured in the broad and liberal atmosphere of the big, wide west, associated from boyhood days with men whose brain and brawn developed the deserts into gardens of garlands and homes of humanity—men who dared and did—"Bill" became, and becoming broadened and developed the philosophy of the sagebrush, the philosophy that taught men to **"Live, laugh and love—there'll come a time when you can't."** "Bill" lived, he laughed, he loved, he practiced that which he preached and his preachings and practical life drew to him all and more than he gave—"He had friends."

Associated for years with the late "Bill" Nye, in the production and publication of "The Laramie Boomerang," the two "Bills" developed a new school of unique humor—differing materially from all other humorous writings. They were merrymakers—livers of life—observers of the passing show—recorders of the ridiculous—and, withall, philosophers.

"Bill" Barlow hated hypocrisy—and fearlessly flayed the hypocrite. He upheld what he considered the right, and traveled the trail of life

holding his head high, looking men and manhood face to face—never shirking duty or responsibility. Strong, active, forceful—yet kind, considerate, sympathetic and charitable. “Bill” was a friend worth having and he was a friend to all who were worthy and needed a friend.

“Bill” picked the posies that grew along the pathway of his life. He was advance agent of joy and gladness, and preached and practiced optimism. He wrote:

**“Just let this sorter sink into your soul: The mummy aint had no fun for moren five thousand years.”** “Bill” was **not** a mummy!

He made a heaven of here, and with his good wife, “Mrs. Bill, the Bookkeep,” as he named his pard, lived an ideal life, full of love, joy and kindness—a life worth the living.

“Sagebrush Philosophy,” Bill’s” little “Mag,” made its mark; it was eagerly read by thousands the world around; it was quoted by the press, quibbled by the prude, loved by the large. With “Bill” the “Mag” has put on immortality. The “thirty call” closed the forms forever with the passing of “The Philosopher”—none other could fill his Stetson and do his work. Both will be missed—both will continue to live in kindest memories of hosts of friends. Fare ye well, “Bill Barlow.”

GENE T. SKINKLE.

## **"The World of Just You and I"**

*Give me the rose of a love that lives  
And whose petals are filled with fire—  
Such as quicken and glow in that garden fair  
Where falls the red dew of desire,  
And whose crimson is rife with that fervid strife  
Which in wanton gage of lissome life  
Demands but the half it gives.*

*Shrived, and loosed  
On passion's wing—  
Hearts aflame—  
Arms that cling—  
Lips full ripe  
With kisses that sting—  
What care I now for all else, save she  
Whose sum of body and soul, with me  
Drift rudderless on a shoreless sea.*

*But give me my hour; to the rest good-bye—  
Earth's empty pledges and shrouded charms—  
Creation is mirrored in laughing eyes—  
Eternity unfolds in a sweetheart's arms,  
Mandates, mere myths, as are fate and fear,  
Love is life, and heaven is here—  
In the world of just you and I.*

*M. C. Barrow.*







THE world of just you and I—  
favored of the gods and thrice  
blessed indeed are they who find  
this lotus-land—fabled, and yet  
real none the less. Tis a country  
wondrously fair to look upon,  
and ideal in which to dwell. Never a cloud drifts  
across its skies save vapory shapes of waterfall  
and castle and cliff set in fleecy fairyland,  
through which the azure smiles. There is a sun  
so kindly that it casts no shadow—a moon of  
silvery sheen and stars with laughing eyes.  
There is intangible horizon which melts into  
eternity—wide mesas—hill and dale—valley and  
mountain top of alluring, entrancing landscape  
—but never a thorn or broken stone or thing  
misshapen or like to wound, in all its wide do-  
main. Flowers abound, and the air is filled with  
fragrant beauty—birds sing, and charm the  
senses with their lilting melody. Summer here  
is perpetual—else this marvelous country would  
not serve the purpose for which it was created.  
Winter with its chilling blasts, its streams fast  
set in icy fetters and its mantle of white death  
over all, ill befits pulsing blood at fever heat and  
straight from the heart. Here, too, it is always

day—passion takes no note of time, and what matters the hour so long as the nights are filled with golden glory. And, as everybody knows, a king hath dominion over this world of just you and I—whose name is love, and whose rule is absolute. It is not that he can be seen of mortal eye—only that everywhere is perpetuated and felt his invisible but compelling presence. Breezes halt on their way to the sea to whisper his praises—the roses voice his kindness and care—trees bow in willing obiesance and the birds pledge glad allegiance to him in song. All nature proclaims his right of sovereignty—every living thing enjoys his protection, and plaudits his power.

Only two people live in this wonderful land—this world of just you and I. All its wealth of beauty—its unutterable joys—its pleasures and store of infinite happiness—all are their very own. Together they wander down its leafy lanes and tread its quiet paths hand in hand—together drink deep of nature—together enjoy every moment, without thought of tomorrow. The flowers shed sweetest perfume—there is added minstrelsy from feathered throat—even the brook wakes to new life, and leaf and bough nod as though they knew. Of all men he is the one God made—and she is the one woman. There is perfect confidence—mutual tastes and inclination—gentle deference and sweet confession. Their souls respond to spiritual intuition

—their minds entwine as does the ivy and the oak, for perception, hath great possibilities neath the magic wand of him who rules over the world of just you and I. To her is given unsurpassed feminine grace and charm and womanly perfection—to him the fealty and honor and wisdom of ideal manhood. There is another world somewhere of course; but without duty or obligation now. Nothing matters save the moment—hours and days and sordid cares are misty tradition in this world of just you and I.

Though we pretend to vast knowledge of this mythical land and list it in social and civic law as a common heritage, yet few ever actually attain its blissful peace and delirious delights. We have set a hedge of bristling spear-points about this world of just you and I, which we vigilantly patrol under proper penalty—have prescribed its conventional metes and bounds and padlocked and securely chained its portals gainst unauthorized invasion. Under smug assumption of divine authority we have deposed the ruler of this fair domain, save on conditions man-made—and yet there are those who insist that his sway over human hearts is still supreme. Anyway, we know that many a man and more than one woman have failed of the cherished favor—have knocked at the gates of this hoped-for life-elysian only to look upon a fearsome waste within its desolation swept by a burning sun, where neither flower bloomed nor tree held out promise

of friendly shade. We know, too, that many a man and woman have been admitted into its seeming joys for an hour or a day, only to be driven out again with the flaming sword of disillusion and disgust. And we know, too, that in spite of prohibitive law and sacred precedent men and women still press on with exultant hearts if bruised bodies and bleeding feet, in search of this land of love—and to whom, as seems and as they swear, is sometimes vouchsafed kindly admittance.

There is such a land—and if fate is kind and its promise once fairly won, it is all our very own. And what transcendent joys—what sacred secrets—what wealth of possession! Thrice blessed the man and woman who have found shelter in its rose-bowers—aye, and blessed are they who for even an hour have passed its portals, and whose priceless moments live only in hallowed memory. And pity those who have never known—who belittle our king, scoff at his power and declare his realm a myth—this world of just you and I.





**GATHERING** daffodils and poppies and orchids in large lapfuls are you, Lucullus — foolish about clover—have your sleds on, eh, and hittin only the high humps? Got a good job and spending it all, and working the old man for more—onto the ropes right? Having a devil of a time with the boys every night—and girls, too, I guess? And you like it, do you—going to learn life and sure studying some, did you say?

Youre all right Lucullus—if you dont get wrong, as once happened to another hellofa feller of your name. What a boy needs is education, of which books are only the beginning. If I had one of my own and he didnt sidestep the Sunday School bell once in a while, the dead certainty of his utter worthlessness if he ever growed up would be a great grief. I have known a few good men who were weaned on prayer and propriety and raised mostly on malted milk; but somehow when all is said they are poor, ignorant creatures and never amount to much. Take it from me that it was never so intended. A man must have just a little hell in him some time

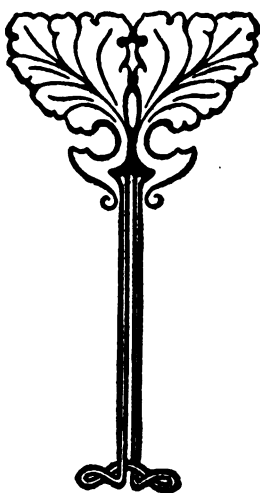
anyway to be human. That parable of the burnt child is still in business, and you cant pound into em with a club what they just naturally lap up to remember as long as they live, through experience.

Sure Lucullus, have a good time; but dont get gay—and dont dope it out that you can beat the dealer. Young blood is just that, and in reason ought to have its way. You enjoy sports and recreation and the elbow-touch of others. There is the theater, and the cafe after, and maybe a glass or two. Theres a whole cyclopedia of knowledge in a quiet game of cards—if you keep your head, remember what you are playing for and how you got it, and dont over-value the hand. Youre a handsome, lusty lad and at your age—why the rustle of a petticoat is whisper of angels' wings, red lips a challenge and her complaisant smile imperative demand. And while some good souls preach wholesale prohibition, I tell you that in reason, and learning all the time your lesson, these things are right enough—so long as you can look your mother in the eye, without shame to either, and square your conscience.

But dont go to the well of lightsome pleasure too often boy, nor linger too long. You've still other lessons to learn—and these are temptations to neglect of duty, the sloth of over-indulgence and the fearsome cravings of gross desire, the which in the race of life spells failure

and defeat, and for the weak and wayward open a door to all we will ever know of damnation.

Have a good time, Lucullus—life sums more than board and clothes. Going ? What—"Top o' the World" in town—tonight, and where? Wait till I get my topcoat and Ill go with you.







GOODFELLOWSHIP — what a truly wondrous word—embodying as it does every qualification essential to that composite which full-blooded and real men and women know as the human touch. And that there is a human touch—an indefinable condition or relation which extends the right hand of mutual confidence and appreciation, as once befell Paul and Barnabas of holy writ—is true. Tis a golden guild this league of love and laughter, wherein tenure of membership rests on mental and spiritual communion—a band of brothers and fellows who know neither sanctification nor sex so long as each conforms to the doctrine and discipline of a humanity which though far from dogmatic perfection is yet divine—has faith in this hour, hope for the morrow and charity for the dead day.

That the human touch is somehow associated with a trinity of character-essentials we seem to get, first, from that star-dust of religious legend—mythology. The three graces, we are told, represented every sweet and gracious gift of body and mind—beauty, courtesy and kindness, and fairness to friend and foe. It was the privi-

lege of the three fates to fashion the thread of human destiny—to develop and train the mind of youth, stand sponsor for the years of manhood and womanhood and bestow such blessings as were fairly earned, and to finally measure out to each his or her allotted time. There were also furies three, in whose hands rested the power to punish for crimes unknown of law as insuring exact justice to the evildoer. And it was of Venus, Cupid and Vulcan that the world was born—a trinity symbolical of manhood, womanhood and posterity—of joy and happiness in the perfect union of strength and love and beauty. The ancient oracles—the priests of Baal in their struggle to know the infinite—Virgil, Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Ovid—all seem to have understood that the heart needed a language in which to express its dependence upon this human kinship and to have adopted these symbols as the to them visible shadow of invisible precept. And though we no longer offer up our adorations to these gods and goddesses and bespeak the favor of their visionary deities, yet we have since created and shrined three graces of our own whom we name Faith, Hope and Charity and whom we have invested with a personality which is full as divine as that credited to their beauteous, wise and virtuous predecessors—whom we have clothed with conscious power and in whom we embody all the elements of the golden rule, which means all religion, and who

teach, as did these mythical Greek maidens, the trinity of the human touch.

It is given to disciples of the human touch to feel and know much that is hidden from those who have never been permitted to share in its rites as exemplified in this world-old faith whose gods and creed are today the Three Graces. Faith with them means intimate association with everything, for we love that in which we believe. It is good to know that the sky is a turquoise sea—that the stars do sing and that the sun shines—that over all celestial and material things Someone has watchful and kindly care—that there will be a tomorrow and that, meantime, the heart beats, friends are steadfast and women true. There is virile, radiant life in beauty, and joy and blessings and good purpose—for these be the things that will endure until eternal dawn. Envy, malice, hatred and greed are strangers to the heart in which perfect faith abides—and only those who trust can conquer fear, and only he who masters himself can know the sweet content of service. Without faith the soul is dead—is shrouded in doubt and indecision and despair whose night never lifts. Faith is the child of love—the mother of laughter—the very antithesis of evil, for no man who has confidence in others can be wicked in mind, nor will he betray a friend. Confidence in others and self means honesty and decency and industry, and these together with that intimate association of

goodfellowship which is the heritage of warm hearts mean true happiness and real success.

And hope—hope is the torch with which Deity illumines the veil of the tabernacle—supernal pledge of a brighter dawn, happier hours, better days. It is a mirror in which are imaged the faces of love and desire—the things we long have sought, and will attain—the gamut of human need and human endeavor. It is the balm with which a good God softens failure and defeat and heals the hurt heart—a brush with which the heart paints wondrous pictures—a storehouse of hidden treasure whose beauty and value surpasses all the wealth of the world. It is spiritual sunshine and rain and season—the solace of the present and the halo of the future. Without hope, there is a hell.

And charity completes the trinity of the human touch—last but far from least in that it typifies infinite love and infinite understanding. It is of charity that conscience, that monitor who so unerringly and righteously judges self, is born. No man who fails in this can look his fellows in the face without fear. Charity understands and knows, and if need be justifies—always forgives, and forgets. It is through charity that we sit nearest the throne—it is the brightest jewel in the crown of that noblest and best of all men, the Nazarene.

Goodfellowship—love for and appreciation of life—is the sole prerequisite to membership

in this golden guild, the trinity of the human touch. Many there are who belong—good men, and loveable women. All live in the sunshine, with contentment as companion—all are honest, kind, thoughtful and sincere. There is no smug sanctity in this band of brothers and fellows—no vain-glorious pretense of integrity or virtue—only the strict observance of that rule of proportion whereby each is measured according to the one human standard of manhood and womanhood. Each strives, with every day, to more nearly approach the ideal of obligation and duty—to be a little more mindful of others, to be stronger under temptation, and to better qualify in all essential piety for the part he or she is here to play. Song and sentiment and love and passion have a place in the lives of these people—the Red Corpuscle is tenderly imaginative and ever mindful of its own, if anything. There is no claim to angelic perfection, nor rack and gibbet for the prodigal who, bleeding and footsore, turns from forbidden places. Nor is there envy of success—only pity for the fool whose salvation lies in money and bonds and houses and lands—holding that virtue after death is the one luxury in which the rich cannot afford to indulge. And it is strangely true that the love and loyalty of this brotherhood far exceeds that sentiment and interest obtained through secret ceremony and oath-bound order. And regardless, each seeks—and always finds—the other,

without password or grip else than the honest smile and the open hand.

To live this life and enjoy it to the full of opportunity—humanely observant and true always to the ideals of faith, hope and charity in all they imply and that here and now—these comprise the confession and creed of the trinity of the human touch.





HERES to now—of it let us make the most! It may be that we live forever—that the soul survives, and that love and hope and happiness are the stars which Deity has set in silken skies as illimitable pledge of the riddle of existence. The lesson of this life is that nothing really worth while is wasted—that the atom is the infinite and death at most a dream—that everything was, is and will be again and again. And if all else is eternal, why not you and I? But out of the solitudes of the past and shadowy hopes and fears for the morrow glows the rosy morn of the moment—the joys of this day and hour, gainst which neither mummary nor mystery can prevail. Mutual recognition of soul—kinship of heart and mind—are truths as many well understand and continued association attests—who knows if, in some other age, they did not walk then as now, hand in hand? But though we be something from somewhere—though we may have lived before and may pass this way again in some far future, yet it is to the present we owe our all. Error and failure and grievous sorrow are sodded mounds oer which time has said the service

of kindly compassion. Ambition may dream of elysian fields strewn with the roses of success, and hope hath all things in store for hallowed memory and stout heart—each pointing the way through the mists of tomorrow; but it is to today after all, we owe our homage—today, with its always prodigious wealth of timely fate—its golden store of opportunity.

Then here's to life and laughter and love, that trinity which mongst real men and women neer yet failed to wake the sphynx of the soul. Heres to blessings neither past nor promised, but present—to obligations of love and friendship not pledged, but paid—to joys not protested, but proven—to all the beauty and grace of a wondrous world which eternity has crowned with the diadem of today. What avails regret and tears—why bespeak atonement? Yesterday was—of tomorrow we know nothing. Heres to now—of it let us make the most!







PAINT the rose, brethren — and paint it plenty. God likes color — else why creation? The heart which beats only for self cannot be alight with love—which is life. We must have contrast for the purpose of comparison—if everything were right there would be no wrong—if the devil should die moral and spiritual ambition would hike hence, goodness be out of a job, and humanity would drop to a daffy and demoralizing dead level. There are spots on the sun—pass them up, and paint the rose. If some psalm-singer insists that he has a cinch on salvation, tell him youve also a deed to a corner lot in the New Jerusalem locked up in your safe. If the pessimist predicts fire and famine and a few other fear-some things, show him your St. Peter's pass into paradise. The good wife—she who has loved and cherished you through the best part of your life—may develop crow's feet and a temper, but paint the rose—tell her she is an angel and she will be only too willing to believe. If your neighbor offends, forgive. If business cares oppress, or plans miscarry, forget. If troubles threaten

and clouds come, keep a stiff upper lip—and paint the rose.

Christ was a big-souled man—of the type who forgives and forgets. He taught godliness without sanctimonious groans—virtue without vituperation—happiness without hollow hypocrisy. Be big-souled yourself. Pass up the persistent fault-finder and picayunish pervert—and paint the rose!

Be a good forgetter—it is the magnanimous man who does. Let the dead past officiate at its own funeral—life is too much of a look-in to waste time and tissue on minor details. Many fail because they never learn the lesson. Victories make us vain, while our enemies make much medicine—the one as dangerous and demoralizing as the other unless soon wiped off life's slate. This is a material—likewise an altruistic—age. It is the age of the honest and humane, under whose regime within the past hundred years the doctrine of the brotherhood of man has made further advancement than in the thousand years preceding. Pity the pessimist who shouts his warning from the housetops—let him holler—he has his place and his uses. But remember, after all is said, that the times in which we live are the truest, happiest and best and brightest times this world has ever seen—and paint the rose!





ANTICIPATION! A garden fair,  
with leafy bowers, blossom-  
strewn paths and entrancing vis-  
tas through which I wander—  
adding to the garlands with  
which my arms are filled the  
splendor of the rose and the appealing loveli-  
ness of the lily, as munificent license and leisure  
lead. A moonlit sea, across the shimmering opal  
of whose peaceful waters flits many a sail—spec-  
tral and ghost-like and yet how real, as befits  
the confidence which creates. A smiling land-  
scape—color-crowned, dotted here and there  
with cottage and grove and flock and field—  
beautiful beyond compare, and doubly glorified  
neath a summer sun. A quiet pool, hid away  
from profane intrusion where none but I and  
the whippoorwill know—fern girt, and sheltered  
by bush and bough—fitting shrine for love's  
confessional, where at eventide he tells the old,  
old story to his mate, and whose pellucid bosom  
images the fairy messengers of my mind. A  
picture, for which mortal—could one be so blest  
—would violate sanctuary and gladly forfeit  
eternity if given lief to endow the brush with  
a heart's best blood—portraying in tones wrest-

ed from the Immaculate the vestal fires of a pure and unselfish affection, and the thrice-consuming flames of a soul-compelling passion. A dream, from which—if it come not true—I hope never to awake. A bow of promise spanning the horizon of futurity, whose color and blend vie with that of divine promise, and at the end of which lies untold treasure—or all is lost. A signal fire upon a mountain top—by joy lit, and replenished and kept alive. A celestial law and behest—without which life would be cheerless and empty indeed. Streams fast-set in icy fetters—the earth shrouded in mantle of snow—and a crocus timidly looking up at God from the budding verdure of a southern slope. A night riven with disappointment and sorrow and black with rage and jealous hate, into which has come a star—blessed herald of an omniscient future, devoid of failure or fear. A song of sweetest melody coming to me from over the hills of tomorrow—in harmony and sentiment alike ravishing and bewitching, and filled with faith and hope and pledging untold happiness.

Anticipation! Born of the human heart—a bit of blue sky from out the infinite—a glimpse of heaven!





AND SO, little girl, you are to be married tomorrow, and you come to me—dear old dad—for a last farewell, and a word of advice. Ah me, but the years fly fast! Twas only yesterday, or maybe a little longer, as it seems to me now, when your mother—bonnie and blue-eyed, as you—placed her hand in mine and we set out together across the smiling fields which beckon to you with tomorrow's sun. And you love him and hope to make him happy, and want me to tell you how? Love is the essential—with it secure, the problem is more than half solved. We are told that love, in achievement, is limitless—but it isn't true. Love is the only sure anchor of married life, and safeguards the ship gainst rock and reef and rough weather; but it must be cabled with a whole lot of qualities, including forbearance and intuitive discretion, else its inevitable effort and self-sacrifice were labor lost. Its a good foundation on which to build; but to live happily man and wife must have more than love—theres horse sense!

Tonight you believe him a demigod and he, I know, will swear you are an angel. Right here

I want to file Exhibit A, whereby both of you get another guess. A demigod is a young girl's dream, while under the influence of Cupid's dope, and there aint no such thing as a woman with wings. These visions always fade ere the honeymoon wanes. He may be noble and true, as you say; but a man—and mortal. Ideals are mental will-o-the-wisps, dear, of which we are always in pursuit but never in possession. Life would be empty without; but the Creator wisely planned—it is the unattainable which inspires to best effort, and it is well that the mind seeks perfection, though impossible. The ideal wife therefore is a personality as complex as is the mind of man—who though given in marriage with every swing of the pendulum, yet is not, and never was. Pity tis; but experts tell us that every diamond thus far found has either discoloration, flaw or other imperfection.

But you want advice, rather than absolution. Well, as first aid to the matrimonially injured I would suggest the golden rule, mutually applied. It is a sure panacea for most marital as well as terrestrial ills—makes the flowers bloom and the birds sing all along the way—try it on him. Most women are selfish—spoiled to a degree because raised a pet, and with the idea that everything and everybody is their oyster. But, beware the apron string—its constant, persistent pull has sent many a good man to hell. Dont expect the leopard to swap spots, or the

husband to entirely divest himself of old habits. There are pleasures and associations from which you as a woman are barred—friends whom he prizes and cannot forsake or forget. The daily grind must have its recompense—give him an occasional evening off, and dont butter it with a scowl or reluctant assent and thus take away the pleasant taste. Pettiness is peculiar to the sex, and one of the high crimes of the world. Dont nag—if ill or aggrieved, say so; but dont sing it. If he loves you, a whine hurts worse than a whip, and if born of petulance or selfish discontent it is like to eventually drive him to something worse than drink, for life cannot exist without sunshine. You know what Solomon said of the scold—and the old boy knew—a few. If troubled with a temper, get it into a corner and hog-tie and choke it to death.

Never admit to yourself—much less to him—that there could be another woman. You have his whole heart—hold it. Careless indifference and sexual matter-of-course as regards the marriage relation—mark me—is the mainstay of divorce courts. The prude says this relation is sacred—if so it is likewise as Deity dictated and nature planned—and she who forgets to be wife and mistress both may have much to forgive. Remember whom it was he married—a neat, cleanly and well-groomed girl, invested with all the graces of youth and beauty. These last you must lose with the years; but the first should and

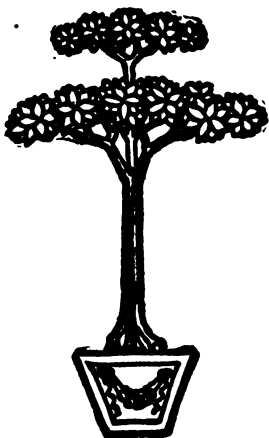
must be yours for all time. To be a slattern is woman's most grievous sin—and a crime the demi monde never commit until ripe for the gutter or the grave.

You must promise to obey; but it is all a bluff. Every man is a big baby; you can rule the roost if possessed of a reasonable amount of patience and tact—and without the pants. Clubs and churches are well enough if you feel that way; but never lose sight of home duties. Too many women praise the Lord while the one man's trouserloons are conserved by a ten-penny nail, and I know of a lady whose club obligations are so pressing that her children look ripe for the rag-bag and often go hungry to bed—the wife and the mother, you see, may degenerate into the maternal monstrosity, and the ideal ass. And if children come as they will, little woman, give them opportunity for love and respect. The sacred badge of motherhood does not include the oratorical privileges of a Philadelphia pie-woman, or the all-around hells-to-pay of an infernal machine. Man is an animal, of whom some fool has said the heart is gained through the stomach. This is true of a hog; but aside from the genus pork it seldom applies. Omar, as originally written, read: “A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, a beefsteak and a few berries.” Kisses should be blended with bread and cheese of course; but don't try to love him to death.

Quite a lecture! Well, I might have made it



longer, but it will do for a first lesson. Good-night, little girl. And Harry? I give it up—but if he lives, he'll learn!





**N**OTHING more fleeting and illusive—nothing so undecided and impalpable, after, and yet in the uncharted ocean of an incomprehensible eternity all that is really ours—today! The yesterdays are dead—there may never be a tomorrow—only this day remains! Born between heart-beats and as soon buried—blending immeasurable past with infinite future and never merging into either—intangible yet cruelly swift shuttle with which Deity perpetuates human life and fashions its wondrous fabric. And every one of these limitless waifs—these eternity-atoms—is the epitome of a lifetime. No man can say where, or what befell, his soul while his senses slept—he wakes to perform his mission, only to seek his couch and again enter the unknown. Today—our only assured heritage while here—how important that we make good use of so much treasure—priceless because it can never be replaced—and the only moment in countless aeons we can claim as our very own.

The acme of all philosophy is confidence in today—that it is the best day—and that tomorrow will be a better if God is so good. It is this

thought which makes the birds sing and the sun to shine—which ennobles labor and deifies duty—which disarms suspicion, cures disappointment and heart-hurt—banishes sorrow and fashions fate. And holy writ contains no greater truth than “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” Mind is dominant—barring the weakness of egotism, we become in a great measure what we believe ourselves to be. If you cannot admire and have confidence in yourself, always within reason, others will know, and accept you at your own valuation. And this is especially true as pertains to mental attitude—nothing so develops new powers and new uses of faculties as mental sunshine. To be happy and content is normal mankind—why else did Deity create a world so bountiful and beautiful and endow us with such capacity for every enjoyment of body and mind? There is great difference in temperament—the which only proves the greater need of those to whom love and laughter are discordant notes. And the sunny life is the influential—always the successful life—the rule has few exceptions, as you know. The man who goes to his work with grudging reluctance is a slave—he who is morose and fretful and sees only the seamy side has a dead soul. Discontent breeds pettiness—aye, and paresis and paralysis. How much better to smile—remembering the mummy.





LIVE, and love life—not as one tiny atom of an aeonic ferment who somehow has fallen heir to the wretched and shivering poverty of patient submission to a fitful futurity, but as a human being, full-fashioned from the hand of Omnipotence—sure of self, and of all else unafraid. Live in the knowledge that your inner consciousness is the only creature you will meet on the highway while here—that as each day dawns tis opportunity anew to attain the sunniest heights of happiness—that to feel and know life's keenest and fullest and best aspirations and sweetest rewards sums up the wisdom of all ages. Live—not as Delphic puppet of pagan priest or prophet of evil mysteriously inevitable, but as a lofty soul fired with generous hope, and quick with life.

Humanity is learning its lesson—that we are not the caprice of circumstance, nor yet plastic clay out of which effort might fashion debatable perfection, but what our own instinctive destiny decrees. Within the sanctuary of every heart stands the silent guardian of self—whose rule is absolute and whose sacred presence none

other dare profane. Some are led hither and yon under seeming control—are influenced and persuaded for a time in eventful measure and without apparent cause or real conviction—only to prove at the last that we are alone answerable to and builded by our selves and our spiritual finality of fate. That which we honestly believe is the only message we get from the mighty force of our creation, from the cradle to the grave. Others may advise and teach and do at times command—example and experience were ever with us from sacrificial age to penitential altar—but when all is said, from each heart must come every promise and pledge—its truths are our eternity. And love is spiritual light and fulfilment. Tis the one helpful and precious thing we have—the Minerva who follows and supports and cheers—who soars to the skies or falls to earth by our side, and gives us of her blood, her kisses and her tears. Tis faithful mirror of thought and feeling—willing and joyous debt nourished on each event of the day. Without love—for life, for humanity and all animate and beauteously virile nature—existence is void of purpose or profit—for this and wisdom are one. Deny its immortality, and death but awaits its due—love, and you live.

More harmful than the sum of all other human ills is the sin of selfishness—a narrow range of human interest from which not only the world but freedom of self are excluded. We get from

life only what we can pay for in return, and he who climbs must help others to the summit, too. Service is the living seed of self and it must be sown in the imperishable soil of the human heart, and always including our own. No one, alone, is permitted to even touch the hem of inspiration or happiness. Superficial and senseless renouncement — unnecessary sacrifice — the worship of idols born of morbid imagination or smug vanity of parasitic virtues — these have no place in the service of self. To your body and mind you owe gladsome acceptance of life and its behests — not drowsy fatalism with its gloomy and dead submission, nor servile acquiescence to so-called truths which shrink from the test of reality. There happens to us only what we desire — certain disasters, external and impossible to prevent, may knock at our door; but really nothing worth while befalls that is not born of ourselves and as the soul conceived. And reason is often wrong because it stands alone and has no sense of the infinite. Once she sets forth to explore her domain, she meets smiling but, authoritative contradiction with every step she takes. There is not a virtue, a beautiful thought or a generous deed which reason seemingly verifies without recourse to apology and explanation. That which reason brands as wickedness is like to be goodness bereft of its guide, and some day may stand revealed as the human and natural triumph of love and truth — in sullen

defiance of which pledge of an ever-increasing knowledge of creative law millions come and go and know not one moment of life.

We can choose for ourselves what we shall believe, where happiness shall begin, and what suffering shall bring. It was meant that the heart speak the truth—that the spiritual wealth of man agree with his human wisdom—that the fault you have courageously looked in the face create its own sanctuary. The road is long that leads from grief to despair—and overgrown with friendly verdure and lost in the fogs of fanaticism is the path to transgression for which there is neither pardon nor reprieve.

Material success, however worthily acquired, is not the chief end of man while here. Courtesy and kindness are precious treasure of gems fit to ransom kings, and pearls without price—consideration for others, their acts and influences and it helpful and charitable always, makes the hoarded store of real humanity. And however blows the storm, courage is life's sheet-anchor to windward which the stout heart laughingly flings at fate.

And ware of envy and fear—the hemlock of hate, and the red sword of excess. But, brethren—open wide the windows upon a human world and claim your own, dyemoind? Live!—and love life!





OMEHOW, the world loves a sinner — particularly if his transgressions lie along certain lines —and why? Is it because there is away down in every human heart—hid away from even our own consciousness, but there nevertheless—the instinct of the brute to seize his prey, on which St. Paul is presumed to base his doctrine of depravity? Can it be that buried deep neath centuries of conventionality there is in all of us an inborn racial tendency to transgress—the which we cannot help, and for which we are in no wise to blame? Is this the reason we love the sinner in spite of ourselves, and are inclined to make light of the offense and to shield the offender? Sociologists assert that this is the terrible truth, and while I would prefer to charge at least a part of their bill of particulars up to charity, yet Im not sure that it isnt so.

Everybody will agree in the general proposition that from the beginning the careful and correct life has been accepted as a matter of course and is not, somehow, calculated to awaken that kindly interest which invariably attaches to the vagabonds of humanity. Take the lovable and



prominent people of history, for instance—of literature, of the stage, of music and of pictorial art—truly a bad lot, many of em, and lacking in those smug characteristics which we esteem so highly, and that virtue which we should all admire. Columbus, tis said, discovered America as the result of a liason, and it is admitted that he was the father of Fernando, born to the daughter of an innkeeper at Cordova. And yet the world holds him in grateful memory, and we are told that he is soon to be canonized and made a saint. George Washington liked his tipple—played cards and indulged in fox hunts on Sunday—and I was shown a letter in his own hand the other day wherein he urges a friend to visit him at Mount Vernon on the plea that he has his eye on a couple of likely wenches whom he guarantees will prove complaisant. These idiosyncrasies are overlooked now—and in truth nothing was said at the time. Oliver Cromwell really wasnt any better than he ought to be, and we all know that Julius Caesar and Rameses I and others present and participating at various times were mixing bad with good when they walked the earth. Even in the Good Book we find that many sinners got meal tickets. David would have to steer clear of Anthony Comstock if he were here—Sarah didnt lose her job in the choir when she led Hagar unto Abraham and Jael was accounted a good woman though she harpooned a sleeping man with a sword.

If the test of conventionality were applied to poets and authors, there would be some great gaps in literature. It will be remembered that Smollet and Fielding and Bocaccio practiced what they preached—that the family matters of Shakespeare were deucedly irregular, and that the life of Swift would be refused by even the high-class, low-priced magazines. George Eliot was a shameless hussy, according to smug measurement. Is there a poet as close to our hearts as Bobbie Burns—booze-fighter and all-around reprobate, and yet loved in every land? We have a deep admiration for Shelley, and Poe, and Lord Byron. We love them all—not alone for the rich legacy their pens have left, but for their winning, irresistible personality in life. Victor Hugo's amatory alliances—which once reached the limit of compelling his wife to receive Mme. Drouet in her own home, and whose subsequent shake of the author recalls the pathetic protest of the French lover to his friend: "Alphonse, your wife has been false to us!"—in no wise detracts from the reception and sale of his works or the high esteem in which he is held. Francois Villon—rascally cheat and pot-house brawler—is loved everywhere today for the exquisite beauty of his poems as he was loved in life for his dashing and debonair disregard of everything and everybody. How about the relations of England's great admiral, the immortal Nelson, with Lady Hamilton? Somehow we have

always loved these sinners, and preferred their warm vices to colder men's virtues.

Is not this strangely true? Who has not thanked Washington Irving in his heart for his portrayal of the reckless, lying and besotted "Rip Van Winkle"—devoid of even the veriest remnant of honesty and respectability and yet altogether lovable and universally admired. Take Petruchio the dashing Verona gentleman—Micawber—Gil Blas—Nick Bottom—Sir John Falstaff—liars and thorough vagabonds all and making a nasty mess of shameful iniquity, and yet how splendidly perverse and delightfully depraved—whose sins are forgiven and whose kindly good humor will amuse and entertain forever.





LOVE life, that you may live. There is nothing new in it all, any more than there is anything new in nature. And nature is optimism, plus—voicing always profligate avowal of vigorous, bountiful and dominant life. We find the very essence of the philosophy of sunshine in creation—the making of a world out of infinite waste—eternal death, on which dawned a first glad day. What matters if it was the evolution of aeons or the work of a week—suffice it to know that there was always ever-increasing, lavish vitality. And whether leafy dell, sunlit landscape or dancing sand-whirls of the desert, there is no hint of death, of failure or of fear. Always beauty—always fulfillment of today and the promise of a tomorrow—always laughing, loving life.

That the soul is Divinity itself and mind the Master—that God reigns where reason rules, and that life comprises far more than the mere animalism of birth, strife and death—is not new thought nor yet a sacred science. It is in truth the oldest religion extant—added to and developed with the centuries as all other gospels but growing out of a creed taking definite form pos-

sibly under Epicurus first if at all—more sanely expounded by Socrates and later by Plato his pupil after the Athenian dicastery had handed his mentor the hemlock—centuries before those who ever since have damned it as arrant infidelity bribed Iscariot and crucified Christ. Originating with the early cry of a hopeful humanity for the aim and end of rational action, it has broadened and blossomed from a fantastic cult into the religion of the multitude. Its ebb and flow has marked days of much doing—surviving persecution and obloquy and singing on the way to immortal martyrdom—losing only to regain in greater store of experience and accomplishment, and knowledge that strength is given us to defiantly throw down the gage to destiny and do the work of demigods. Tis an ancient, wholly believable and withal familiar and appealing faith, this belief in self. It is wholly without mysticism—does not destroy ambition and energy—is neither senseless denial nor irrational adoration. It deals in actualities—gives wisdom without weakness and culture without cowardice—does this philosophy of sunshine whose text books contain but the one rule of love of life.

Since humanity was young, Cleopatra has smiled on Caesar—whereby far more than the weal or woe of Egypt has been determined. Writers and painters and poets have smiled on the world, in sentiment and color and song—

and saving grace. Its a good, and a healthful creed. Medical science has made many startling admissions of late, and none more so than that bad temper, accusing conscience, irritable nerves and sullen discontent breed actual physical disorder and disease. Moral and mental balance make for a sound and normal body, so the doctors say. Certain it is—and this you know if not waiting to hire a hearse—that the most pitiful fate that can befall is to lose faith and hope and enthusiasm and capacity for enjoyment. The vanities of life — tis a favorite text with others than the preachers. Existence is dreary grind—life a lament. Tied to the cart's tail of money-getting — throttled by tradition and bound in chains of stilted and prudish conventionality, they are senseless—useless—atoms all. In a dim sort of way they realize, perhaps, that the world is filled with joyous possibilities—that there are such things as regal roses, sublime sunsets, verdue-clad valleys and mountain sides, music and song, and honest men and sweet women—but to the glories of which they are immune and in whom long since atrophied if it ever lived all sense of wholesome human participation. Beware the slow poison of pessimism—tis hell while here. Of what worth is glut of gold when shrouded for the grave—remember the mummy! Live every moment, as Deity meant. Cherish every tiny feather that falls to earth from the wing of the Angel Joy

—belike youll never find another—or a fairer, or better. It is only a little while, and we pass this way but once. To refuse the bright and beautiful and loveable things of life is to discredit creation, and become a fugitive from fate. And enjoy not only the minute, but to remember—twill be sweet solace, sometime.

I give you the psychic secret: Love life that you may live. Superstition and smug caution including the proprieties have laid down certain rules for longevity. Naturally most of the commands are dont. We are told that we must shun, check, avoid, deny and abstain in everything including diet, democracy, defalcation, debt, doubt, distemper, divorce and the flesh and the devil. These rules are simple enough, only they fetch a noise like a funeral. We can all score our century and over with ease; but with old-age achievement goes this lobsterian life not worth living. No roses and raptures—no cakes and ale—no sorrow and sin and mighty little salvation—no warming of both hands before the fire of bohemia where red lips are ripe with wine and desire and laughing eyes tell the story old—no transcendent joys or sacred griefs—to the aspiring centenarian who would follow the mossbackian ritual only a mild and uniform atmosphere is permitted. To eat and drink as though it were fearsome penitential function—to wear khaki and wooden clouts and exist in the abstract—to make formal written request and

then if informed that she were willing do a thirty days' bread and water sanctification stunt fore one could hold hands with his own wife—truly a riotously alluring scheme of existence. The contention that it is not always he who lives longest but most—that one can if permitted know a million years in a minute—sure appeals in the face of so chilling and inhuman a prospect of hyperodermic happiness. And yet always hid away somewhere in these mental and physical catacombs said to house five score years and more is invariably the psychic secret—that to enjoy long life one must keep every vital organ in constant working order and cultivate a hopeful, cheerful and busy mentality. And herein we have the real and only requisite rule. If you would quaff the nectar of eternal youth, remain young in heart, and hope. Enjoy your work and pleasure, both. That Spanish wanderer sought a fountain whose waters are everywhere. Activity of body and brain comprise all life-essentials, and out of which must come right and healthful and fruitful living. Use comprise their first purpose and thereafter all details of diet and dress—aye, and deportment, dyemoind—will settle themselves regardless of pharisaical prohibition, sacerdotal ethics on fine theories. Plan to live, work to live and love your life—herein the ideal fellowship and hygiene of heaven!

Emerson, when he said that every sick man is a villain, probably meant that the villain is



always a man who is ill—voicing Huxley's more drastic declaration that in the light of modern knowledge and advancement physical and mental it can't be long before a sick man must be one of two erotic extremes—either a fool or a criminal. And from practical if no other standpoint it is well to remember that the mental conditions which govern success are precisely those which control health and happiness—that success is as much a creation of the mind more than often as it is the result of effort. We anticipate failure by admitting its reality—dwell upon it, and it is like to be and endure. To succeed, the mind must know and already enjoy only success—if free of discouragement and doubting depression we are fit to think and plan and do—indeed the possession of such a spirit is success itself for with it go hand in hand purpose and accomplishment.

What this old world needs more than all else is more confidence and less fear, more hope and less despair, more happiness and less hell while here. Troubles will come enough unbidden—meet them with a smile. And what matters if at times we must make-believe—better a dream that might come true than admitted disaster. And give joy, wherever met, glad greeting. The psychic secret: Love life, that you may live!





**PLATONIC** friendship, yes — only that it ought not and cannot bear that name. The man of years who hasnt enjoyed the intimate comradeship of good and honest women at some time in life hasnt lived long enough to learn one of humanity's sweetest lessons — the woman who never has known the firm and respectful confidence and loyal association of which some men are capable if deserved, has lost something out of life. These are the rare friendships tween sexes so apparent that there is no necessity for explanation or apology nor room for censure. But if they bear the platonic placard, tis like to be piffle, libellous and lurid—else the man is mental and physical misnomer, and she illustrious prototype of the bride who in characteristic disregard of the occasion sought her marriage bed fully clad in the chill of corset and clothes.

Plato was wise as his world went—and yet a dunce, and a degenerate. The strangest thing of all the earth is that its highest life is so out of tune with nature that all other animals—beasts and birds and even the creeping things—are surer and happier in their attitude toward

each other than we. Of course its the deity and the devil both as mingle in the mind—all because in her distribution of intelligence she gave us an overplus for something beside material existence—capacity and power of reasoning, and love and appreciation of possession—the which we have marvelously developed even since the regime of this Greek philosopher. Plato lived and died a bachelor. As concerns women and most of his ilk even unto today, he was torn between conflicting knowledge of the actual and belief in the ideal. He was an intense realist—whom the smug very properly relegate to the crematory as rotten. Women as a class he embodied in a creed of community of wives, yeleft mistresses, and from his relations with certain others of the sex he evolved that divinely beautiful creation of wholesome comradeship which in psychological parlance still bears his name although a little off color as to kind. He had known good women intimately without blame to her or him, and of their friendship was born his ideal of a truly helpful and ennobling sexless communion. With Plato there were only the two classes—the first he accepted as a matter of course, and of the others he made angels. That thing we know as society meantime, has intervened. Woman is no longer divisible as then, nor as easily segregated. All are presumably honest—which not only accounts for the hilarity with which later philosophers have

pounded the Plato pulpit but which makes the open profession of his sort of friendship impossible. To possess near and dear friends of the opposite sex is permissible; but to pay him or her such marked attention that people talk and labored explanation becomes necessary is not nice.

Small wonder that this topic has afforded such fine food for satire for Byron and his cynic brethren, this too-often platonic friendship fake. Both are to blame; but more the man. We male beasts were all wandering wolves once—and mothering and sistering the waifs of earth is still quite in her line. Savagery in man has been subdued and refined; but who was it said that what renders him less the comrade of Mars makes him more the slave of Venus? There is a cult which makes much of soul communion and the elimination of sex-consciousness. It ripens into free love invariably if persisted in—and rapidly if the sign is right. To most men and many women this doctrine of a sexless brotherhood particularly appeals—to him because he is still the beast, and to her because she craves companionship and really does believe. 'Tis sure sweet stuff, too—that we are spiritual entities—that soul has no sex—permitting the most intimate association without someone saying something. Usually the fellow who talks about sex-effacement all the time has more than a mania, and the woman who listens to him under the

impression that he is a shining, sinless being is like to discover soon enough that he is only mere man. Tis one of the stock arguments of the libertine that there need be no vulgar reserve between the sexes, that love is necessarily pure and that passion is expression of divine dictation—true under certain conditions as I verily believe, but fearsomely unconventional as a fact. Tis well to remember, though, that in these matters two are necessary to temptation. Women who have no wish to test the ice or see how close they can approach the waters' edge without swimming, will stay on shore. If tempted they never know—for seldom does a man go beyond the guardian purity of a smile which means nothing more, or the glint of an eye which plainly ignores possibilities. All of which means that insofar as friendship concerns both are safe if of one mind. Whether in guise of mutual attraction through temperament and talent or excuse of cult, no intelligent men or women deceive themselves. They know well the risk they run. Innate good character is not shown so much by resisting as by not seeking temptation. Those who are eternally in quest of wantonness create their temptation, and tis only figurative evidence of moral worth again to refuse when found. The man or woman who complains of the lure of sex forgets that someone was on the alert for a sign. And inside information and as holy writ as any explains that there wouldnt

have been any biblical scandal if Mrs. Potiphar hadn't been out on the front lawn looking for trouble when Joe the rascal came along with his automobile—that both were to blame.

Women, as I believe, hold friendship in far greater esteem than men where it exists at all, and are more sincere and unselfish. I know something of my own sex. Disguise and manure him as we may, in the male beast is still firmly rooted the savage heritage of possession from double standpoint of egotism and desire. He will not share with others that which he so prizes—to be devoted to her she must be his very own as against all comers. Beginning with fond esteem he is like to soon claim the whole heart of his friend. Love purified of all earthly dross is a pretty conception, but barren ideality. With it in man anyway walks passion and they hand in hand regardless of commandments seven or eleven, and this platonic friendship business affords a culture which breeds both. There comes a time when gracious permission mounts to proven privilege under inevitable attraction and the delight and encouragement of loosened rein—when dark gray realities and glittering illusion and petty pretense are alike exhausted—when as love blazes and the heart shrivels to shreds neither will longer deny the fulfillment of their dreams. 'Tis flirtation freighted with fatality—this platonic friendship—and a mixture of the material and ideal of which the inex-

perienced make a sorry mess. The practiced roue whose only thought is conquest and the lady who long since forgot the current number of her commissions are able to steer their piratical craft without serious mishap through any old sea, whereas people who are good at heart but yield to unwonted temptation get into all sorts of trouble. And twill happen. Admitted relation of platonic uncertainty tends inevitably to the one climax. The man is on dress parade as it were and bound to appear at his best and please if possible, and it is only feminine nature to challenge admiration—this, dye-moind, if he is son of Adam and she be Eve.

There is such a thing, however, as sincere and intimate friendship between men and women. And tis a jewel rare and precious when found—helpful and ennobling always—the very acme of perfect companionship. It is builded on mutual confidence and esteem and takes no count of moral ethics, because each honors and understands the other. There is no mistaking its straightforward and undisguised frankness and honest fondness. But it isn't the child our Greek friend and philosopher christened—for platonic friendship is a fake!





OMEWHERE in the Koran theres a sentence which says: "If I have three loaves of bread, two of them are yours for a hyacinth." One may starve physically—may we not starve mentally as well? The soul may hunger and thirst—may shrivel away with unutterable longing, and the body yet live. Nature recognized this condition when she endowed us with a mind into which romance invariably enters to a degree. The word is usually accepted as an indefinable something, the nature of which we cannot well express in words but which belongs to the realm of the mysterious, the poetic and the legendary. We too often fail to recognize it as a precious part of ourselves. Deny it who will, we all live a dual life. There is the every-day routine with its duties and cares—its ever-present sunshine, and the somber shadows which go to make up the dull, uneventful life most of us lead. Courage—a recognition of the beneficent blessing of life itself—a willingness to repudiate trifles and ignore the bitter while enjoying to the full the sweet—these be the heritage of the brave, and pity tis that all of us can not be so classed. And yet in every heart there is an element of romance



—call it hope if you will—which finds expression in phantom prophecies which take form as day-dreams, or haunt our pillow at night when sleep should but will not come.

Castles in the air—houses of cards which disappear with the mists of the morning—delightful dalliance amid the sentient silence of the stars—trips to Utopia. How we all enjoy them—with what pleasure we set out on these merry wanderings which lead to pleasures long sought, and joys and anticipations long delayed. It all seems so easy—wealth, power, social ambition, happiness the which the soul craves—all are possible at this time. We dream of many fine things which will never come to pass—lay plans which too often are impracticable and impossible—paint pictures whose colors rival the rainbow and are peopled with both love and ambition—feel transports which, alas, might turn to dead sea ashes neath the garish light of realization. And yet these journeying of our inner self are singularly enjoyable—are in a measure the better part of our lives; to neglect to exploit the joy of thinking and dreaming of anticipation would leave many a wound which these hostage of hope have healed. The real and the unreal in life lie close together—these musings of the mind are the poetry of utilitarianism—the roses of existence, which we may perhaps never pluck but whose perfume, thank God, is ours while it lasts.



ON THE road to nowhere—that bewitchingly beautiful just beyond, which has beckoned with wooing sweet for oh so long—lure of love and oermastering blood bestirred that goads me joyous on and mocks delay. Why bide I here when over the hills comes the call of a voice unheard by sleeping ears—the unseen and may be of hearts withered dry through fear, but to me so dear, and now that I am at last to know so full of proven promise. Gladly I leave behind the dead and ashen things that are—hope oerleaps today, for I am coming dear, and you are you. On the road to nowhere—tasting already the wanton bliss of lips that cling and quiver—obeying with laggard yet always thirsting and eager soul as I willingly confess the insistent and pleadingly mutinous wanderlust of the world.

Well I know the price I pay—none better than I the orthodox and conventional rack and gibbet on which with discovery are hourly immolated those twin monsters the flesh and the devil. I have been an honest woman until now. I have worn the threadbare and shabby sackcloth of

religion since a little girl—pinning a fictitious faith to ten finite commandments and the second verse of the ninety-third psalm, and trying to believe that which meantime was fiercely denied by both body and brain. Was a prayer ever really answered, I wonder—did human ever get actual petitioned response from heaven? Mine make only a cruel chronology of heartsick hopes and the unbroken anesthetic routine of weary waiting—a tragedy of sobbing, hysterical self-pity mingled with that speechless laughter oer the folly of it all which lies next door to tears. It was not that I was wicked—only that I hungered for something of life, and of love. I wanted the world—and to know that I was a woman. The dry dog biscuit of existence choked and throttled me with its penance, and try as I might could not be acknowledged with seeming thankfulness—even the wrath of God became a nonentity compared with the gnome-like toil of piling one dead day upon another until the car-rion year was complete. I was a pet animal—safely collared with prudish and proper environment and led about within proscribed limits at the end of a beribboned rope. The daily round became empty avenues of torment through which I wearily dragged and manacled and bruised gentility. Memory shudders, even now that I am to know, at fruitless, empty hours which lengthened into an eternity—at that tomb of penitential oblivion wherein real

men and women are shrouded and confined while yet alive and at whose massive and thrice-barred gates stand the grim guardians of biblical obedience and respectability. I might have married as other women did and do—a mere man who would promise to make me his legal mistress—who would love and cherish me through a honeymoon of chintz-covered commonplace, perhaps, and thenceforth relegate me to the meridian of menial and neglected mothers. I have seen her—she is everywhere poor soul—the wife who was once a woman but is now only social synonym for slavish possession—a life convict in the reform school of conventionality—a forlorn castaway on the desert island of listless imbecility and all her days either servile acolyte to methodical affection or bloodless egotism, or prey to the debauchery of an indifferent beast. I knew it was not for this I was created—this comedy so hideously dull and grotesquely dreary—twas love I wanted, and life. For me the feminine sum total of birth, marriage and death would not suffice—I must use the heart and brain and body God gave me ere they return to dust—must taste of life's sacrament out in the open free of cloistered permission, and have my silken shroud and flowers and choral service before the funeral. I hate the prosaic—I detest smug propriety! The humdrum of daily routine—profitless and helpless and without a drop of red blood anywhere in its sacrificial and soul-

searing cycle—such as society decrees for my sex, is for me a house of horrors. I want freedom of thought and action—not frozen commonplace, but fervent and glowing and living, even though it be fearsome, fact. I crave real, compelling love which out of laughing eyes demands sweet surrender and pledges happiness enough with the hour to fill all the years that follow. Nature does her own work in her own way, and whose mandate all earth implicitly obeys save men and women. I want to feel and know something of why I am here before I am called hence—whether, if fate can be so kind, there is such a thing as real joy and happiness—if that emotion which makes of heaven a gladly forgotten forfeit is haloed monster or a mere myth. And I want the world—to get beyond the hedge which marks the garden gate. I want gatherings whose purport means more than weak, tottering prayers or the tea table merry-go-round of the beefy and bloodless—laughter which is not make-believe brotherly love—music, the clinging bliss of lace, the rustle of gowns and the clink of glasses. I want to move about and make a part of humanity's whirling, irridiscent and actual kaleidoscope—to wear clothes made by slaves to shackles born as always must and will be, to eat food over which I have not toiled like a felon, and to dance and sing and drink wine with those who too love life. And these desires have blossomed finally into fairest flower

which, though hidden away as rarest blossoms are and in compliance with musty tradition, is the acme of all beauty and fills my world with its fragrance. Though stolen and forbidden, yet I shall have love, and shall know life. At last the veil is to be lifted, and I can look out upon and enter into that joy and splendor of being as Deity designed, and on which is built his plan of creation for an eternity. Inquisitorial pretense and self-immolation insofar as inner self concerns—the workhouse of unloved and barren womanhood—the gyves and clanking chains of church and society—all, I bid you good-bye. I may return again and take up your cross; but not now. The stars are ablaze with that sacred fire which has lit the soul of woman through the centuries and which no crucible of human habilitation can hold—the skies are aglow with the rosy dawn of my new day. True, 'tis listed as sin—a decree which every drop of blood in my veins and every nerve in my body denies. Sin, if love-lit, is only seeming shadow—the word to me but a pathetic reminder of that awful past while bound hand and foot fore the altar of be-seeming abeyance. If it be wrong, conscience is still my best friend. Anyway I am what I have so longed to be—a woman—and hopelessly, helplessly happy.

How it all came about I do not seem to remember. I knew that here was my master, from the first—the one man of my waking hours and

the deity of my dreams. There was another woman—his wife—and I fought myself in this as I have done always, only to mark each step of our intimacy with forgotten vows and shattered resolutions—all without avail. I recalled every so-called moral precept I had ever heard or read, dwelt on the inevitable punishment awaiting those who answer the cry of a pulsing heart without permission, and wandered aimlessly through the psalms and gospels in search of their manifold prohibition and penalties prescribed for that thing set down in holy precedent as shameless sin. I realize now that twas all a hypocritical sop to the Cerebus—a pitiful pretense. It was meant that we should meet and that I should forget everything but him—in the stage management of circumstance fate works its wonders. Love, they say, soon withers if only the velvet of the poppy of passion—is his true as mine is ideal—will he love me always, as now? Though I joyously wager my soul, yet I know the risk I run and the price I pay—and from it all faith rises supreme and nothing matters save the wild, exotic thought that life awaits me outside—that love and laughter for which I was created. I am loosened from this grimy earth, to at last see and know ere I creep to my grave. And if it prove only a wild sweet wonder for a little space—a day of splendid frenzy with black night ever after—better the remembrance

of mad joys than the dull smart of futile regrets through a useless and purposeless future.

Comes now the crucial test! I have stepped across the shadowy demarcation which divides enforced virtue from seeming vice, and face a gilded tapestry of dreams—a wilderness of rainbows! I go to meet I know not what—but gladly! I am on the road to nowhere.







ONE on a journey through yesterland, is my lady—loosed from the now and its kingdom of clay, and in the infinite of recollection again knowing, and seeing, and living. Tis most precious power and privilege—this wanderlust of introspection. And well I know you are not alone—that wherever the mind wanders as love leads I am beside you, and that of all its immeasurable domain we together possess its every wealth and award. From grudging time and its swirling loom of days you and I, dear, have wrested an eternity—een though half freed of fate theyve been—full of sorrow strangely fair, of splendid frenzy and hopeless happiness. We know of sanctuaries unwon and paths untrod save as their secrets are hugged to our hearts—of the delirium of realization and the fulfillment of dreams, despite arrogant, hurrying reality. And here, safe-sheltered in our little while, we laugh to scorn the wisdom of that other which, after all, is only aeon-old. For first, endless and infinite, is the world of just you and I.

Gone on a journey through yesterland, is my lady. Tis night outside, and here as well save

as fitful glow the grate senses the gloom and softens its shadows. There is a touch of mysticism in the rollicking, wanton flicker which plays upon the walls in so whimsical a fashion—a something uncanny in remembered shapes which are no sooner glimpsed than resolved into black nothingness. But she, dear heart, is real enough as I see her now, half-lying in a wide arm chair fronting the fire and all unconscious of my return. Sweet woman mine! Little you realize that spell which is woven in the full flower of your wizardry. So intuitive, so understanding, so sympathetic—so regal a queen in Cupid's roystering court, and in passion's tumult so elusively responsive. 'Tis well enough for those who, content with scraps can count cold beads and cherish early pieties; but we have lief to live. Given the magic triune of body, heart and spirit, and love laughs at usurious time and righteously denies his beaten paths of tiresome dictation. When these cry out for that other one, what avails the mentities of a cheap and sordid society? Nowhere is there admitted oracle of the soul—Juno, Aphrodite, Phryne, neither of whom is myth to man—anywhere in the religions of creed, cloister or conventionality. With nature in harmony and as creation intended, they have nothing to do—save as miracles happen and fanaticism riots in revelation. Would He have been good to let me—without you—go down to my grave? How learn of love

with its sweet companionship of pride and possession—of passion with its warmth of body, breath of lips and virus-mad elixir of a new life—if we two had been content with hibernal grace, and its gauds in gilt and altars of varnished mahogany? Tis priceless salvage of the soul, this opportunity to unravel the tangled mystery of human relation, with ordinance to know and freedom to fulfill. Custom is so cruel—our attitude toward love so unfair. We speak of this thing which is the hope and heart of men and women as passing whim and peevish sentimentality—in mawkish compassion or easy contempt, of that omnipotence which can sweep into oblivion the paltry honors and wealth and duties and wisdom of the world. Mere emotion, this god who wears at will the halo of heaven or the hallmark of hell—whose sway is so absolute when once his sovereignty is established that without its twin life is rudderless and wrecked? Fancy, or mere lust of the flesh—this fearsome composite of valor and fear—of inspiration and genius and heroism and deathless self-sacrifice? Though attribute of mind and body both, yet tis separate and supreme—spiritual power and immaculate seed of self, having to do with ruling source and divinity of all creation. And this and more—that tis lightning flash from out the chaos of human destiny—a call from over eternity's hills and a promise infinitely more potent than pledge of

paradise—so many live, and living yet never learn.

Woman, as we make her, is a lie most monstrous. She goes to her grave in endless, sack-clothian procession, this half-clad and conventionality-crazed creature. Repression and hypocrisy are her ever-present obligations—commonplace matter of course, with such recompense as happens, her allotted heritage. Some there are who attain Olympic heights where love resplendent rules and is; but their number is fatefully few. From the first she is taught pretense and propriety—and not forgetting prayer in plenty. Wise owls—were these old philosophers who first formulated the blue-laws of society—well they realized the inexorable demands of nature unafraid and the depravity of their own devil. The light of a woman's eyes and the beauty of her face have been with us since that tragedy of the garden where Eve suffered for her sisters because twas she who first loved and lived. Its golden apple is as rigidly proscribed now as then, in her every sexual relation. The world is full of starving women—defrauded, dreaming and unmindful—all in the name of morality. She senses her isolation; but only as a something wrong with established order and necessarily a physical infirmity of which she should be ashamed. 'Tis drill militant cunningly contrived whereby from girlhood to final reprieve she is condemned and shackled

slave. As concerns her possibilities and purpose she is as wholly veiled and eunuch-led as was ever boughten harlot of any harem. Belief in love and passion is permitted; but unless God is good, are listed only as impossible ideals. Happily mated, as according to her lights she chooses, destiny is achieved. That some of her sisters laugh at age-old mandate, seems monstrous—what is this strangely willing weakness over which preventive law and precept sets such sleepless watch and ward—and which while it appalls, does appeal? To the dead-souled and ox-eyed tis Sanscrit—that tis sinful and wrong suffices. And though to some is given intangible sense persistent and perplexing—whispering that as she lives life slips away—yet always at her elbow is mentor of propriety—and prayer. And she dies on the unknowing cross of morality—happy wife and mother, dyemoind—rest her soul, good woman—amen!

Gone on a journey through yesterland, is my lady. Though a smile on her lips now, that kerchief in her hand tells its own story—there is joy in a heart-ache sometimes, and sweet content in tears. How the firelight enshrines her face—how its ghostly mantle seems to caress and cling about her beautiful body. That flower in her bodice is the very rose we gaily quarrelled over this afternoon—I insisting in all seriousness against her pouting protest that beside the crimson of her lips it were painted perplex. The

witchery of her hair—wherein and why the subtle power of this crown of womanhood I wonder, in whose shimmering labyrinths I could wrap myself to swear all else in life were illusion? Against the black of her dress shines neck and shoulders of alabaster—shrouded in the gloom of the arm chair is masterpiece of all creation, from blushing bosom to high-arched instep and each blue vein as I know alive in every limb—and even in the fitful light, that world of wonderful things I have seen so often and at whose glories I have only guessed, shining out of her eyes. What matters laws and customs and sins forbidden—or conscience, so-called, when smelted in such fearsome fire? Little she cares, so secure is her sweet surrender against past regrets and future fears—other than to rejoice that I am chosen torch of her revelation. And little I care, when for the caress of her voice and the fervor of her lips I would sell a million souls—for of supple grace, soft sighs and clinging arms, one doesn't drink in sips, nor bargain in cold blood.

Gone on a journey through yesterland, is my lady—lost in its rosy maze of laughing, loving recollection. Wake and come back to me, sweetheart—there is always the solace of dreams. Memory serves to fill the heart only as it must—here and now is the world of just you and I!





WELCOME the night—the dead day!  
I give thee glad greeting! Sweet  
solace to tortured soul—bitter  
yet soothing balm to a mind  
without semblance left of hope  
or faith, a spirit which cowers  
through sheer fear of itself and a halting heart-  
throb which alone marks the vitality of a body  
bereft of all else save the physical incident of  
life itself. Glorious night!—black night, into  
which there has come no star—a night without  
shadow or shape or sound of life or rustle of  
leaf—whose darksome depths and kindly chaos  
holds out, somehow, fitting welcome to the sick  
and heart-sore. Tis a night for sorrow and suf-  
fering and tears—a night so nearly typical of  
death itself that I can almost hear the muffled  
oar of Charon's ghostly craft as it breasts the  
waves which separate time from eternity. Glo-  
rious night!—methinks hell has given up its  
myriads of unshrived souls who gesture and  
mock at me in ghoulish glee. Goblins leer and  
gibe from out the gloom; monstrous bats, fierce-  
eyed and heavy-winged, flit hither and yon, and  
atop every stone in the graveyards of the world  
sits a grinning skeleton who gibbers and laughs

in satanic derision. And over it all the pall of death—wreck and ruin and desolation and swift decay—utter darkness—kindly oblivion throttled by black despair—a night for which no beacon lamp has been lit—even God has forgot!

From out the black silence, somewhere, comes the call of a whippoorwill.

What a fearsome thing is this life, anyway—how paltry, and how pitiful. Never a heart but has its chaplet of thorns, from childhood to old age—never a joy which is quite complete—never a success which is not followed by direst failure, and never a smile which does not foreshadow a sob and a tear. From the cradle to the grave marks the pathway of our crucifixion, up whose steep we wearily carry our cross. Born of woman's agony—sheltered and nurtured but that we may live to pay a final debt in full—striving ever for the unattainable—damned by desire and consumed with dread—and at last the unknowable—fitting finale of an existence fraught with ceaseless toil and trouble, with cruelty and neglect, with fruitless effort, unkindness, disappointment, deceit and oftentimes dishonor and even worse than death. Hail black night!—devoid of star or sound or sign of life—so typical of that inevitable end of it all. Glorious night!—O! dead day, I give thee greeting!

From out the black silence, somewhere, comes the call of the whippoorwill.

What a wondrous thing is hope—how easily



it overcomes all obstacles—bridges oceans and spans continents—gilds transgressions, deifies character and rights wrongs—achieves the impossible and paves the future with golden promise. And with what sweet insistence the melody of that night-bird appeals, as though it were the echo of all my hopes and desires and fondest love crying “live! live! live!” Is there really a divine equation—is life a duty each owes the other—is sorrow but the fire-test and real happiness its sure recompense? Is it true that all humanity means to do right though often wrong—that the heart must perforce obey the mandate of circumstance and environment at times, and even the purest and best give way to temptation? Can I believe that honesty is inherent, conscience a God-given faculty, that magnanimity is begot of a mother’s milk and all love is eternal—and yet that of these is sometimes born the thief, the liar, the cruel and unjust and the ingrate—because of mundane stress, ambition, a moment of forgetfulness, or perverted sense of obligation or duty? So the record runs—the pendulum swings. But what of tomorrow—is there not still another day in which to undo—another horizon whose skies of blue will help me forget—another leaf in life on which fate may write her kindest message, after all? Charity—aye, tis a sweet word; forgiveness—tis a better—but hope, without which I were lost indeed—that is the sweetest and best of all!

Out of the night, somewhere, comes the call of a whippoorwill.

Failure is vastly more frequent than success, and yet success ever beckons with friendly hand—disappointment is oft a two-edged blade, and yet if the wound never heal, time cures the hurt. That for which we strive most is not always best—desire does not necessarily mean destiny—and life is always well worth living if we but manfully play our part. Hopelessness means decay and waste. No matter how precious the thing we have lost, duty stands ever on guard at the grave, pointing to the path of human helpfulness—to action and interest, not brooding discontent nor sullen surrender—to love, not cynicism. Rise above yesterday—behold another dawn!

Again the call of the whippoorwill.

Methinks tis a promise—a whisper across the miles of unrest—a pledge of the fulfillment of a prayer—a surety for tomorrow's sun. Already I can see a smile in the east, and countless stars are lit as the clouds clear. May I hope—and hoping believe?

I do!—I do!





ONLY a photograph—the portrait of a wondrously beautiful woman—painted in human laboratory, but by the sun-god with colors of chemistry and brush of crystal—perfect in pose, delicate in detail, and exquisite in its blending of liquescent lights and soft-toned shadows. Though but an image—cold and unresponsive creation of the camera, beautifying a bit of cardboard—so well has someone done his work that speech would not surprise. Who is she, I wonder?

Only a photograph—the features of a girl, who joyously treads the maze of life somewhere, bearing her crown of beauty with added brilliancy today and endowed by passing years with ripened knowledge of her power to sway the will of those about her with the sceptre of face and form, and move the hearts of men. Well may we ask if Divinity wisely planned in giving woman such irresistible charm and perfect splendor—alike persuasive, compelling and all-powerful. Lust for place and power and greed for gold—the scourge of conscience, the knotted knouts of law and religion, the trumpet-call of honor and duty and the sworn obligation to family and

friends—all are of as little moment as the snowflake which leaves the cloud full-fledged only to vanish on its way to earth, beside the whispered command of a maid—if she be fair, and complaisant.

Only a photograph—thrice bewitching elf, wrested from the sun-kissed glades and leafy woods of shadow land—a winsome will-o'-the-wisp, whose ethereal form has been caught and fixed by the wand of modern magic. From a pool of sombre black shines the face of a lily—but with accentuated loveliness because, forsooth, she lives!—a face consummate and almost classic, yet betokening unmistakably the warm heart and emotional nature of the woman. A wealth of dusky hair crowns with regal grace a brow of alabaster—eyes undeniably dark and of unfathomable mystery neath modest lashes, upturned and doubly appealing—lotus-like lips, rosy ripe and moist with the dew of promised bliss—the whole a flower set in a composite of sensuous curves and graceful, feminine lines—an angel, pointing the way to paradise!

Only a photograph—but a picture whose strong personality and intangible charm suggests unnumbered possibilities. What of the inner self—the mind and character—the hopes and aspirations which abide within that pretty head? I can well guess that she sees a world at her feet ever in rose-tint perspective—doubtless flowers bud and bloom at her bidding—mayhap

Cupid, with love's weapon poised, waits on the threshold of her womanhood. She has no fear of the future—youth is ever the ideal optimism—on such as she the sun always shines. Little she understands, now, that those lips which burn for kisses yet unborn might, sometime, unbend and voice deepest anguish and piteous appeal—that those eyes which betoken unsolved depths of fondest affection, of laughter and love of life, may lose their lustre and dreamy languor in an ocean of tears!

Only a photograph—an inspired face on soulless papyrus—a bit of world-flotsam, drifting somewhere on life's tide. Whosoever and where, God give her the waking joys and pleasant dreams which ought to be her heritage.





WELVE numerals, and each an hour—two hands circling a dial, and with twice their allotted task the day is done—constant, never ceasing reminder of the fearsome fact that time flies. A mechanical paragon of perfection in fact, whose every heart-beat marks the advent of life and death of countless hosts in aeon-old procession, and typical of that whiskered shadow carrying a scythe who through unguessed centuries has laughed at man and with dogged persistence ticked off at the last his glorious achievement of absolute, accomplished and completed nothingness. Typical of eternity, too, is this steel-souled arbiter of time—precise and unyielding—cold and sodden and surely certain. Petty human emotion—love, hate, envy, passion, strife and ambition—desire to have or to do—these find no lodgment in its mechanism so accurately calculated—wheels and cogs obediently tread their fixed and measured round, and its brazen gong voices no word save the even, inevitable hour. A valuable and useful thing it is and marvelously helpful to our needs; but is its rule and line of designated movement and shackled pendulum a

safe or reasonable mentor for mere mortals?  
Can we live by the clock?

The notion that man is a machine is not new. To many minds, the fact that even God himself is charged in holy writ with this mistake is proof enough that the apple never grew Adam or his ilk must eat, and that dove-eyed and innocent Eve—though she sure had her faults as have her sisters since—is grossly misrepresented and unjustly accused of anyway one crime she didn't commit. If God created Adam in infinite wisdom as He must, if at all—planned and made him in every detail of mind and body both—why subject His handiwork to temptation the result of which was a certainty? Deity has always understood that human perfection of cogs and wheels is impossible, and everything in nature and her varying moods, conditions and the happenstance of environment, proves the proposition. With man himself originated the idea of measured and exact obedience to certain mandate—one rule and line whereby all must live. In this mistaken fact of human fellowship is found the real origin of that fable of the apple—since repeated and perpetuated on almost every page of what the truly good insist is sacred but which we know is human and every-day history. Of all men whose belief in a divine right to rule is of record, Moses was the very worst in that in defining mundane rights and duties nothing was too immaterial to receive honorable mention

from prayer and sacrifice, celestial immunity from bellyache, mumps and measles, down through the proper killing and scalding of a hog to sure-enough sin. Of course authority for all this mandatory detail came direct from God, with Moses the mainspring modestly admitted; but give him credit—if anyone ever believed in this fearsome fallacy, he was that man—that we could live by the clock.

Strangely enough, the two dominant forces of all civilization—religious and civil rule—were based largely on this mistaken conception of mankind. Deity, through all the early centuries, was pictured as an always angry and avenging devil whose perfunctory forbearance could only be won through absolute compliance with the ukase of His priests. Government stood for unreasonably severe and rigid rule—laying down a code of conduct not always natural and often impossible, and conforming usually in subservient hypocrisy to the austere tenets of some religious order. Tis a cold and cheerless record, in which love and pity and consideration for human frailty has no place—only cogs and wheels and the measured pendulum of smug certitude. But reason finally arrived—and with its recognition and development came a tolerant conception of the philosophical intent of life. There are metes and bounds now as then; but churches no longer rely on torture chambers and whipping posts for their congregations, and our



laws are becoming more and more what religion really is—a righteous regard for honesty and decency, and not forgetting the humanity, of the golden rule.

Can we live by the clock?—is there any law, divine or mundane, without its saving exception? Was it intended that the souls of men and women should be swayed by accepted opinion, swing obediently with its pendulum, and in restricted and absolute unison with recognized rule of established order? Despite the changes already wrought and happily added to with each predestined day, there are stern men and women who still insist on enforcing the age-old rule—who would gladly return to gong and dial of brazen clamor and omniscient mechanism of this invention which had for its object only to tell the time. These are the sweet souls of whom congress is afraid, as is evidenced in documents of state, our courts wherein witnesses swear by a book, and likewise in printed pledge and a coinage the intrinsic value of which alone we trust—of whom legislators are afraid, as is evidenced in the seeming observance of countless restrictive rules whose sum of human accomplishment is the deification of conventional hypocrisy.

Can we live by the clock?—and was there ever man or woman who did, I wonder? Hope of or sincere belief in a hereafter would seem to afford the one certain incentive whereby we

ought to be influenced and absolutely controlled—and yet, for she whom we love you and I would gladly sell our souls as willing millions have likewise done before us in unorthodox and dire disregard of a red hot hell. Love has always laughed at religion and law, and joyously proclaimed its omnipotence over all—was, is and ever will. There are circumstances involving family or friend—of honor, of regard and of humanity—which are without the scope and beyond the reach of any man-made edict. And turning the leaf—there is folly and mistake and error and natural and essential human wickedness which—if confessed with shame and shrived by a manhood and womanhood contrite enough now—if charitably treated is sure to make amends.

If life were a round of twelve fixed and arbitrary numerals and each thought and impulse controlled by a spring whose tension was subject to definite limitation of cogs and wheels and circumscribed circumference and escapement levers, all would be well—yes!—no!—arrant nonsense! What a world!—twould be naught but a cold and clammy dungeon!—aye, and emptied of red-blooded and real men and women aeons ago through the saving grace of suicide!

Creation was planned with infinite wisdom, and He knew well how and why. We rule ourselves; but if Adam did eat of a forbidden fruit

he made the only expiation possible—confessed his error, and paid the price. God knew then as He does now that justice isnt a thing of mere wheels and cogs—and charity and mercy and that understanding which endureth forever a mere matter of mechanism. We are born with certain latent intuition of right and wrong, providentially established and bred in the bone—and never a man or woman lived who didnt know. But something as essentially human and as certainly blended in heart and soul allures beyond our strength—pleads—demands—and theres another ambulance call, dammit, from the Garden of Eden.

Humanity requires and needs training and control, but cogs and wheels and soulless dial will not serve instead—we cant live by the clock.





SINCE written thought was first fashioned, we have been cautioned against the preservation of letters having to do with compromising or forbidden things. Never a day but the lesson is repeated under every possible penalty of disastrous discovery—and yet there is and will be always a hoarding of these missives sure to some day spell mischievous misery. To keep them is natural enough. Love is an optimist—sees only the sun and denies the shadow—and it is so entirely human, in the absence of that other, to hide away and enjoy that which is imaged between the lines. And business procedure and precaution and necessity for a record of some sort is often responsible—always with the thought that with concealment no one will ever know. But as surely as eternity, discovery comes to prove that he or she who fails to promptly destroy all evidence of compromising correspondence is only another of the fools who have fed the fires of social and civic scandal through all the centuries. Within the month a half-dozen men whose names and deeds were graven high up on what seemed an imperishable

monument of national recognition and would ever be held in honored memory, are irretrievably smirched through publicity of letters as reprehensible as their explanation is impossible. Of course it was not intended that these evidences of dishonor should ever see the light of day—only that as usual an idiot neglected to destroy a written record.

Compromising letters should never be written of course—and how easy it is to say so. But if written they should be destroyed as soon as read. Failure to do this has not only wrecked reputations and ambitions of the living and brought shame and disgrace to innocent and guilty alike, but has hopelessly damned the dead. Dont write them, nor give cause for others to thus compromise you—but if written try and remember the fate of countless thousands who though wiser than you, could not prevent the inevitable. Suspicion is ever alert, and at her elbow are evil intent and accidental discovery always—but ashes tell no tales.





JUNE—month of roses, and the season of resurrection—of manifest eternal love, and awakened life. Nature has been busy — for weeks we have seen her handiwork. Ashen hill and plain with sterile field and roadside have melted into seas and lanes of living verdure which deepens with each day. Tree and thicket in added color and bursting buds have loosed their fetters and are full-clad in the mantle of a glorious fruition. The mountain side—sere and rugged and for so long frowning type of the domain of death—shows here and there the emerald of the quakenasp, neath which are grass and moss and lichen as we know. Even the eternal snow which crowns its summit in softened lustre shares with contrasting fringe of lusty pine its erstwhile claims to supremacy. And everywhere flowers and foliage—the splendor of divine virility in lavish luxury—live's ever-marvelous miracle.

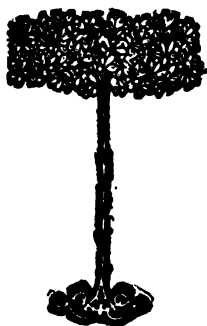
Month of love and beauty and marriage. Think you that tis man-made institution, this fashion of bridal wreaths in June? What of the higher law of universal sex instinct which as even the dullard sees rules the world includ-

ing men and women? Nature is kindly, but arbitrary—that this is the time for mating is her mandate. The birds know—the squirrel understands—all life, in June, quickens and throbs with desire in plants as in animals. Tis now they flower—the blossom is the instinct and of love is born the color and fragrance and the pollen wherewith each is fertilized, completed and perpetuated. Everywhere God's creatures are obeying that law without which this beauteous earth so pregnant with happiness and promise would be barren waste—everywhere nature through that ruling process of sexual reproduction is sharing in the celebration of this radiant and beseeming month of brides.

Love—despite all our knowledge, tis a thing we will never understand—an emotion to which rule or precept or explanation will not apply. It is as elusive as it is impossible to control. It may be the silent and unsuspected growth of months and years, or rule resplendent within the hour of its manifestation. Men and women pass each other in endless procession without—he with all that manhood has, and she in wondrous beauty and charm and infinite witchery of perfect womanhood. Admiration — appreciation and companionship—it is not of these alone divinity brews the all-essential elixir, which once quaffed deifies as sovereigns over all the one man and the one woman—tis desire as well, without

which love is mere shrieking sham, and as shameless hypocrisy and sin as lust itself.

'Tis well called the miracle of life—this perpetuation of species in compliance with the mandate of nature. In both plant and animal life we know how and why—only that is truth we know nothing beyond the matter-of-fact and almost immaterial. Back of it all is a force mysterious—a creative power and supremacy which will not be put into words—only that it is. “Each after its kind” obeys the law of existence. It is this we know as love—this universal decree of destiny—and we get it from God!







HAPPINESS is hid away on a mountain top, up whose steeps many toil. None ever reach the summit, whence they can overlook the world and wish it well without thought of self, and with every hope realized and prayer fulfilled. Often the promised goal proves but a cleft in the rocks, whence the way leads yet on and on and is lost in the clouds of fond anticipation. Some make no progress as it seems though striving ever—others of faint heart or fearsome mental malady, meet a like fate—countless thousands do not set out on the journey in earnest but wander idly about the low-lying forests of discontent and despair and never reach the open—and many there are who, though footsore and bleeding, blindly press on only to slip on the brink of waiting chasm to be dashed to even worse than death.

There is the legend of a king who besought the wise men of his court to show him the way to happiness, and who was told that he would find it when he could put on the shirt of a man who was perfectly satisfied with his lot in life. Failing to find such a man among the nobility

and those about him blessed with riches and honors galore, the monarch set out first through the cities and towns, and finally appealing to the humblest of his subjects. The royal pageant attracted much attention and the inhabitants of the country through which it passed flocked to the roadside in great numbers; but still the king pursued his quest, without finding him whom he sought, and everywhere his inquiry for a man who was perfectly contented was met with looks of wonder and without response. Finally, in the meanest portion of his domain and when the king had well-nigh given up all hope of finding that of which he was in search, the cavalcade met a man poorly clad and evidently little blessed with wordly goods but whose face fairly shone with health and happiness. When questioned the stranger declared that he was perfectly happy—that he was content with his lot—that there was absolutely nothing in life that he did not have. Here, then, was happiness within reach of the king as his wise men had said, and he demanded that the fellow remove his shirt and give it him.

“But I have no shirt,” he replied, “and never before had cause to wish for one.”

Ignorant, uncouth—impossible—say you? Aye he was—evidently nothing more than a lazy lout, without aim in life or excuse for existence. And yet the tale hath a moral which all should heed. It is that I and thou will do well to re-

member that we are not the only people on the footstool, and that never yet lived man or woman who had nothing to wish for in life. Ambition is praiseworthy, aye! aye!—effort must bring reward if well directed—pride hath a place in the divine plan, and hope is a messenger direct from heaven. Every heart has a sanctuary consecrated to its ideal, every healthy mind is peopled with the hosts of emulation, and every soul craves that for which the king importuned his wise men in vain. Happiness, unalloyed and devoid of desire for some other joy or thing the gods have not yet given, is the cry of countless millions—the quest of the king to which, for them as for him, there is no response.

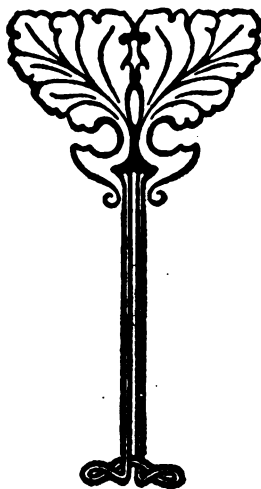
Happiness abides on a mountain top, up whose steeps many toil. But, brethren, though none may reach the summit, there is a quiet valley high up on its jagged slope and yet easily gained if one will—verdure-clad and sun-enshrined and wherein flowers always bloom and birds sing. The way seems long—the path oft-times beset with pitfalls of disappointment and strewn with the cruel thorns of weary waiting. And in this valley there is a cottage. Once you enter its portals, the will-o'-the-wisp of the mountain top becomes a memory. It is the rest-house of sweet content.





UNLESS writer, sculptor, poet, painter or otherwise listed among those to whom God has granted a gift and through which their labor is perpetuated, how long think you will men remember even that you were, after life's fitful fever? Of all those youve known and who have been called hence, how many are still borne in mind and their virtues recalled? How many of the nation's great dead are really remembered other than as a mere historic detail—in your own community, who of those who have died or moved away are spoken of or quoted after a twelve-month? They were something once—they are nothing now. There are exceptions, of course, whose words and deeds are perpetuated on memory's graven page so long as those who knew them in life will live; but the thought suggests a hazardous test of personality which I fear few of us will pass with profit. Therefore, be not overzealous, brother, in preparing the subject matter with which as you verily believe an admiring world must embellish your tombstone. If you would survive the grave in the recollection of friends your worth must be recorded

elsewhere than on enduring granite. Tis well to achieve honor and fame and golden store; but these rear no monuments in the human heart—success is only an incident after the sexton has done his duty, and is like to be forgotten next day. Kindness, charity and smiling helpfulness are the things which make for cherished memory. And the only thing which really lives after death is love—which strive to deserve ere you die.





THE human voice—aeolian harp of ten thousand strings — who among the children of men hath heard it in song without thought of all we hold most dear? Memory wakes, and the mind turns to cherished treasures hid away from mortal eye—scenes and faces and hopes and fears pass in swift review—inspiring and quickening the soul as the dew reincarnates and brings new life to buds and blossoms. It recalls the fresh odors of spring, the glory of summer and the benison of autumn—the touch of a vanished hand, the coo of the babe, the joys of childhood, the caress of wife and mother, the moist and clinging lips of maid and mistress. Neath the joyous delight of its sweet beneficence love is deified—love of God, of life, of all animate and inanimate nature. Nothing so surely dispels the clouds of doubt and defeat—so persistently invades the inner sanctuary of the affections—so soothes yet thrills the heart—so strongly appeals to all that is purest and best in that complex thing we term the mind. All music hath charms, and a place in history—without it, much that is noble and heroic and great and good would never have

been written. To me melody always appeals; but sweetest of all sound is the rhapsody of the voice—omnipotent, because breathing the fragrance of divine promise—earthly, because born of human effort—pleading and uplifting, because so nearly attuned to that harmonic intuition which can only come from the whispering gallery of heaven. Thrice blessed be the sweet-throated songster who lives to bless—whose notes are akin to the purling of rippling waters, bearing a message of faith and hope and charity to a wayward humanity—betokening an ethereal yet positive presence—commanding yet plaintively pleading—telling always, in rythmatic purity and mellifluous measure the old, old story of laughter and love, joys and sorrows, tears and triumphs—the facundity of friendship, and the sublime consciousness of conviction. Oh wondrous power to so appeal to the heart of man—inspiration wafted to us on the night winds of wanton witchcraft and yet heaven-sent—the voice of woman in song—a gift from the gods!





ALTHOUGH it was still early evening when he boarded the Overland Limited at a forgotten Iowa station and claimed lower nine which had providentially been reserved that morning by telegram, Bob McGuire found his berth already made up—with the information from the porter who knew him well that the upper was occupied.

“Goin in to the house this trip Mr. Magwiah, or shall I call you earlier?” inquired that worthy.

“Its the city for me, Peter, and my friends for a fortnight. What I seem to need more than anything now is real rest, and breakfast can go until after we get in. Make it West Chicago, which will give me time enough to dress.”

Tired, and dead for sleep as travelling men often are, Bob lost no time in getting into bed and straightway, almost, was off for the land of dreams. Just as he fell asleep however, he was dimly conscious of a light touch on the cheek—that confounded tie which as he recalled swung from above his head—the pillow probably—an immaterial something which he drowsily brushed aside with a last remnant of waking



reason. And how he did dream, the rascal—for the subconscious mind is easily led when its owner is in the Land of Nod, and surely that subtly delicate perfume which had invaded his chamber so strangely and hung about him in languorous incense through the long night would quicken the mental heart-beat of a stone idol, age-old.

Upper nine had recognized the voice instantly he entered the car, and heard the name—and as he stood in the aisle its curtains parted ever so slightly but just enough to verify his identity. Prince of a fellow, was Bob—a gentleman, and likewise a Good Indian she was sure. Queer that she had recalled their acquaintance that very day, and wondered where he was. And life and its people are a puzzle, dontcher know—its manifestations and impulses a maze of contradiction, tugging, throbbing and ever-insistent—a thing whose cognizant last analysis oftentimes beckons and gleams from that which the truly good tell us is devil's dross—dregs from the eternal crucible of temptation. And wherefore this thing they call temptation, and why? Are love and desire a legend, pretense of plaster or putty, or withered leaf from lumpish law—and are heart and mind and blood-fed and burning body mere physical springs and cogs and levers and wheels, man-made? There must have been purpose in creation other than unwilling repression of natural instinct—all things includ-

ing ourselves were divinely planned, from the beginning—sacrifice to convention is so needless, sometimes, and denial for fools and sacerdotal mummies when the heart is aflame, the soul at white heat—and youre sure none will ever know. And then—and then a fabric white and filmy, cast by a dainty hand—and both bent on fulfilling their mission—rested on the verge of the upper balcony—fluttered and fell.

Seated on his abandoned couch next morning and lacing his shoes, Bob heard a feminine voice from the clouds, exclaim:

“Good morning, Mr. McGuire—and will you kindly find the ladder that I may get down from here?”

Turning, he beheld a lady with whom he was well acquainted—the wife of a friend and a charming and clever woman, whose beauty as occurred to him as he complied with her request was rapturously enhanced by a partial and temporary toilet. A hasty greeting, and she was gone—to reappear only as the train drew into the station.

“How sorry I am that I didnt understand who was my neighbor, last night,” he said as he helped her on with her wraps. “Had I known, I would have been very glad to surrender my lower to you and occupied your berth instead.”

“Nice of you, and of course the only thing to say now,” replied she; “but do you really

near it, after all. Anyway, may I ask you to  
give me back my handkerchief, which I think  
you will find about your pillow somewhere?"

A spontaneous protest rose which swept the  
rest away in unopposed comprehension—a drive  
into the heart in outward tender to the fair  
lover as I watched her still laughing but of face  
—her eye of "There's Sam, waiting for me on  
the platform—now good I go to get home again!"  
—and I lone man standing down an empty aisle  
with I find whose sudden weight had been mul-  
tiplied somehow by more a million.

But Frank—who regardless of scientific-based  
distilled does live, and still rules over the domain  
of love—anonously made a valiant entry  
against a certain accident, in a pretentious  
and well-thumbed tome labeled "Lost  
Opportunities."





**S**WEETHEART we have wandered afar, you and I—the sorrows and delights of centuries past and to come have been ours, hand in hand—together we have fathomed black despair, and have climbed the mountain top of joyous emotion and in its rosy morning found that which is divine indeed because nearest to immortality. We have felt and know the sum of all earth has to offer. Through sunny days and raptured night, safe-sheltered in my arms or beside me only in the tantalizing pageantry of recollection, you have been mine own sweet woman. With you, here and now were heaven enough—only I know that our love is old and never-ending. If there is a lost garden of delight, we were together then—the ages but serve as sanctuary for twin souls, and these few hours a pledge from out the infinite and its gracious fulfillment. If time is a march of aeons never ending, I shall have you with me in eternity—unless chaos, our love too will live.

Tis a wondrous realm oer which Eros rules—this world of just you and I. Love is many-sided—hath both material and spiritual inter-

pretation—with some a mere ripple on the stream of life and to others its all—and so many never know. First law born of creative evolution—vital—virile—through all the intervening ages a marvelous chronology of soul and unreasoning wisdom, and yet oftentimes seeming needful illusion of a very old and unchanging world. Stupid souls understand only its desire, and this mere tempest of the moment—with others tis pretense most pitiful, kindly companionship, affectionate matter-of-course, or social penance cloaked in the multicolored tolerance of convention. And then theres the rabble who love and mate as beasts do save as society is subserved—the sire proud of her and of their offspring, and for whom he willingly labors and over whom he watches with protecting care—the wife his passive helpmate and glad to serve and methodically idolize so noble a master. Into their life and its restful composite only the commonplace can come—they have attained the serene heights of nature's accepted ideal of mind and matter in harmonious and obedient relation each to the other—but that is all. Though empty and mere existence as you and I know, yet it is so very safe—to dream. Why did God make us so different, I wonder?

Personality is the divine presence of love and passion both—beauty, wit, charm, imagination, character, intelligence, wisdom, strength—the whole an impression—a something we so well

understand when neath its spell and yet defies analysis. There are far handsomer women than you dear—but fore heaven you are queen of them all in my eyes. She must be and is—if the one woman. He knows not why nor cares save that she is the all, to him—sweeter songs have woke the echoes of lovers' hearts than ever found inspired expression on poet's page. Nor can fervid, living, and pure because perfect love be born of mentality alone. There is parent devotion and the affection of family and friends; but tis not the love which makes and rules and glorifies the world of just you and I. There is a physical soul-sense—dominant and undeniable—heart-henna and stimulus rare and exotic—that entirely human element which none the less is God-given. Woe to her of petulant or uncertain sex—woe to the man who forgets that she is a woman. Of these as is true of all life's treasures come trouble and tragedy; but without, human destiny is delusion. Where passion ends and mentality begins is given none to know; but theres eternity of bliss in the heart-cry of "Oh! to but touch thee, beloved!" We are fairly loyal to our ideals; but those forever faithful to dreams are few.

You have committed, sweetheart, the only unpardonable earth-fashioned offense of human fate. Once proven and sentence and penalty are inevitable—there is no reprieve. So many would improve on nature and yet cannot understand

the giving of self—wholly—gladly fore God. Their men and women neath temptation such as does come to some of us are impotent monsters, or myths. There are far greater crimes—gainst I, you and others—the which we cannot commit—else you would be wife as you are more than wife, before the world. Splendidly conscious of your sweet sacrifice, you smile at yesterday and tomorrow—there is this hour and we live. If sin, tis yet vesture divine and all of yourself that is beautiful, and best. Morality if cruel is immoral—what is of is for us—in that sun-lit land where Eros rules the word means far more than priestly or laic license which make the muzzled mummerly of man-made permission—in the world of just you and I, dear, love needs no civic seal to prove its authenticity. And though a shameless woman as they say who do not know, He knows that in my heart there can be only respect and reverence. Surely she who for love gives all and gladly is pure-minded and a moral goddess beside the prude who wickedly pretends, or the bawd who legally pawns her body in loveless marriage. Real love is supreme and in the last analysis only answerable to Him; but better the stigma of a royal and willing slavery—sinful so-called—than the soul-searing knout of legal rape.

The joys of yesterday—precious memories to have and to hold forever and take with me een down to oblivion's abyss as full worth for

all else! Eternal death is mere empty threat beside their glamour and fire of fulfillment. Well you know love's language, sweet one—none could better grace love's throne nor more royally rule—never a more bewitching bacchante nor more eager to do homage to the eternal priestess and drain her bubbling cup of bliss. The shrine of mind and beatitude of body—the crimson of your lips like flame set free—eyes in whose responsive depths were always mirrored mine—voice low and tender and heart so warm and true—all of thyself you gave, and gladly. Thoughtless, reckless love!—how wasteful of possession—how improvident of time and its treasures!

And if it be true that there yet remains another hour in some dim land of mystery you and I will walk together and laugh and sing as in the then long ago, hand in hand. Love such as ours will live—must live, though eternity wanes—mine own sweet woman.







**B**OHEMIA—a land of glorious possibilities, alluring delights and blissful dreams—of devotion to duty and exaltation of the ideal—of unselfish love, appreciative companionship and kindly consideration—of red lips and good wine, flowers and music and rosy twilight and laughter-loving men and women to whom it has been given to know the real wanderlust of the world, and mayhap some store of the laurel of success. Bohemia—a cactus-strewn plain neath a sun which sears and consumes—a city of the dead and each mound the end of hope and ambition—aye, a mythical mountain up whose steeps many wearily climb to only attain the top after the sexton has proven the worth of their work. Bohemia—a social pretense, with which soiled men and near-women cloak gross manners and worse morals—a jagfest of conversational riot and tenderloin travail, in the guise of artistic temperament. There is such a country—though few indeed actually pass its gates, tread its flower-girt paths, enjoy to the full its refulgent sun and sylvan shade and quaff the nectar of its altruistic but none the less opulent and actual

fellowship — for Bohemia always means more than one.

It hath a lilting sound, this word which to so many stands for everything—an irreverent, careless ring pregnant with joyous disregard for precedent or the proprieties. One naturally recalls Trilby and her merry associates of the Latin quarter—the picturesque, always virile men and woman who people the pages of Balzac and Murger and O'Reilley and Shaw and other admitted disciples of the debatable and dubious, with their brilliant paganism and a disposition to shock smug sanctity and damn decorum. To the susceptible the word suggests pardonable license—to the well-ordered, the prohibited and impossible. It is this misconception, doubtless, which has brought Bohemia into disrepute—which has strewn its storm-swept coasts with human shipwreck and whose seeming interior offers nothing better to parched and bleeding lips than the dead sea fruit of pitiable and unutterable regret. It is this idea, too, which has made of going Bohemia a mental and moral beer garden to which choleric cranks and egotistical asses and indiscreet damphools of every degree flock in coeval crowds. The male Bohemian whose soul yearns for that sort of companionship as he admits is usually a physical con-carne with celluloid collar and fly-blown nose—who needs a clean pair of overalls and a haircut—who either talks gaily of his gallantries or

largely of his cosmos, and who swallows underdone spaghetti with the manner of swinish environment and appetite and despite the coffee-stained altar on which he offers up his sacrifice of quasi-Chianti proclaims it a nectar fit for the gods and in all things opportune to time and place. He is a gifted creature—for personal neatness and cleanliness and that group of social customs known as the conventionalities he dont care a cuss—whereas, in serious truth, he is a human vagabond—and thats all. The woman who proclaims herself a Bohemian is usually his opposite in nothing save sex. She mistakes the tastes of a pervent for talent and gall for soul, and stomach for temperament. Dowdy in dress—ready to venture out on the thin ice of garish cafes in questionable company and drink stale beer to ribald jest and tissue-paper toasts—her hair in damnable disorder, her shirt waist frumpy and soiled, her petticoat frayed and boots on the bum—behold the feminine Bohemian. Roystering human derelicts both—trying to ape the qualities of those on whom God did confer the priceless diadem of dominant mental distinction—but how squalid and ludicrous the pretense!

Mistaken conception, also, of the real meaning of the phrase “artistic temperament” is doubtless much to blame for the behavior of these people who believe themselves to be Bohemians—often, too, the only thing on which

their claim to fellowship in this order of originality and genius is based. Artistic temperament has gotten into damned bad company of late, to tell the honest truth. It once stood for talent—for appreciation and love of beauty for its own sake—was a something akin to the divine because undeniably a gift direct from God. The phrase—before modern apostles of excess donned a scarlet toga and pranced into this once exclusive arena—meant nothing less than the temperament of an artist in anything tending to uplift the soul, delight the eye and ear and improve the mind—the acme of mental and like attainment in art, letters, music and their ilk. But dating as it seems from a really gifted scoundrel whose insignia of dirty sin was the sunflower we have a new definition which blazons a grangrenous highway from Reading jail to America's Rotten Row, and which is recognized by the thoughtless as valid excuse for everything short of statutory crime—until the phrase in common acceptance is as ubiquitous as a gladsome prostitute or a hypocritical church-goer. It assumes to explain the why of all form of misdemeanor, ranging from marital and other multiplicity to the weak and wobbly who believe they can drink up all the booze in the world. It stands for selfish sloth and fear-some freak—for mistresses who sell their souls for cash and clothes rather than work—for missing bank cashiers, stage-struck tidbits in tights,

long-haired music teachers, crazy poets and dope-fiend pencil pushers, and misguided and misfit mothers—for damnable naughtiness and neglect of obligation and duty—the weaknesses and woes and tears and terror, of the butterfly life.

We are told that painters cannot be judged by common standards—that actors, musicians, poets and writers are not by nature inclined to keep the laws and observe the customs of society, and—Lieber Gott!—insofar as the telegraph tells, thats the truth. But that artistic temperament is to blame is pure buncombe. The artist is by no means mad. That they wear the laurel proves its possession; but in no wise indicates that it is a temperament disposed to take the bit between its teeth and bolt and which he or she cannot master. Artistic creation is purely an intellectual process and means an active and powerful mind. The back-parlor and matinee-musical conception of artistic temperament which stands for a brain storm is all wrong. Without temperament, intelligence could not artistically produce of course; but temperament of itself would serve merely for barren emotional experiences. Temperament — emotional phenomena—often includes unnatural and morbid idiosyncrasies; but these must not be confounded with either inclination or license to put on civil, moral or vinous immunity. Emotionalism will not suffice to create art—there must also be in-

telleet, which means, dyemoind, ability to distinguish right from wrong. In behalf of a profession most maligned and misrepresented through the indiscretion of these perplex pimps to a perverse profligacy I protest. Degeneracy dont go—anyway, take it from me that what ails em isnt artistic temperament.

But there is a Bohemia—and men and women on whom talent and social instinct rather than vulgar display and opulent disregard for the morale of life have conferred envied membership. Sometimes the outer world refuses recognition to the one—withholding appreciation while here only to heap its riches on memory after—reading with fulsome commendation the books he wrote, paying fabulous prices for and hanging in high places the pictures he painted, and voicing the value of the music he inspired or the songs he sung—the whole insofar as concerns him now a mocking mirage which the grave has hid. Often, too, society suspects if not ostracises the other—for Mother Grundy is prone to holy horror of everyone believed to have envolved a creed and set up a shrine of his or her own. More than one of our present-day gods were counted as impotent and impossible while with us—many there are today who will get their due including a halo after they have gone hence.

And meanwhile, hail to Bohemia and Bohemians! Land of subdued lights and soft shadows—of tables in snowy dress, rich food and

quiet, perfect service, and not forgetting something of known vintage and familiar flavor—of well-froked people, smiling faces, and conversation which is not made up of empty platitudes. Lucullan viands and solid silver are not imperative—only that everything and everybody must typify that real refinement and latent gentility which has to do with the practice and observance of the quiet niceties of life.

Or, mayhap, that other Bohemia of which Omar sung and in whose solitudes always dwells just one other—a man, considerate and appreciative, and with him vine-crowned vision and palpable presence of jewelled throat, shining hair, gleaming shoulders, and dainty laces and lingerie.





DO NOT pass up the pleasures of life. Youve seen the museum mummy—take a hunch from him. He hasnt had any fun for over five thousand years. He had his opportunity—did he get his share?

Do you?

Live, laugh and love—therell come a time when you cant. Ask the sick, the hopeless cripple or confirmed invalid, what a sound mind and body are worth. Ask the blind what God's sunshine is for—the prisoner what liberty is—the mummy what joyous laughter and song and the love of home and kindred and family really mean. He knew once—did he enjoy these blessings to the full, as Deity intended? He wont answer—its up to you.

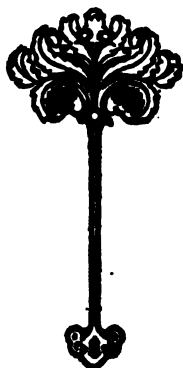
Happiness is a divine heritage. God never intended that we should sulk in the shadows of fanaticism, selfishness, sorrow or greed. To laugh is to live—to live is to love life and all it contains. The man who buries himself in workshop or office with no thought of pleasure or reasonable relaxation and intent only on the duties of the daily grind, is a fool. He may leave a twenty-dollar tombstone or two to mark



the hole he and his finally crawled into; but he was as dead as the mummy through all the years he served as mammon's slave, and well deserved a place in some museum alongside the other one. The man who persistently poses as a pessimist and sneers at life and its pleasure—whose eyes never see the sun, whose heart knows no happiness and whose nature is a mixture of miasmatic malice and other forms of mental malversation—is another mummy whom the world could well spare and for whose resined and multi-wrapped cadaver a museum yawns. Neither ever knows the true meaning of the word life. There is no such Great Boon as the foolskiller, else they'd both been eliminated from a beautiful and otherwise pleasing and soul-inspiring landscape long ago.

And dont take life too seriously, dear—the lane is not very long at best—the mummy has had a long nap and you may have a longer. Loiter a little on the way, and enjoy the blessed sunshine and the sweet music with which the world is filled if you will but attune your ear to its vibrant melody. Youve songs galore in your repertoire—be ye saint or sinner—if you but give voice to them. And clouds will pass quickly if you help push. Dont grieve over trifles, or more serious things which cant be helped. It has happened to others, and they got well. A kind providence is always doing business at the old stand—tomorrow will come, and with it new

thoughts, inspiring hopes and maybe more butter on your bread. Father Ryan told it when he said: "Never a tear bedimmed the eye that time and patience did not dry—never a lip that was curved in pain that could not be kissed into smiles again." There aint no devil of despair—and every man is his own mummy.





MORNING—and a fool face to face with his folly! How a wisp of fleeting hours can change the face of the whole world—how the mind, when free and refreshed, can see and admit mistake. And how fairy castles and wondrous dream cities vanish at the touch of reason and stern reality, and the dawn of a new day. I have known paradise—have walked in its flower-strewn paths and tasted its delirious delights—to wake to realization. How could I—why should she—and what will be the end of it all?

And Jack—why I have known him all my life. I can recall our boyish pleasures—our mutual confidences—the friendly rivalry which marked our earlier years when each strove to emulate and outdo the other. We were more than playmates then, and college chums after, and through it all he was closer to me than a brother. That summer in the hills—and that fight I made for him—how well I remember it all. Seneca always was a nasty nest of squalls, and when the swirling sail and flying boom caught him napping and sent him into the lake

stunned and bleeding and left me out there in the white water alone, I thought it was all up. Of course I did manage it, somehow—one cant let a chap drown—alone. And when Id gotten the water out of him and he opened his eyes and began to locate himself, how he did hang onto my hand. “Bob!” he cried, “youre a hero—and I do so love life! No one could have done it but you, old man—but as God is my judge Id have tried—and you wouldnt have been down there in that black hole alone if I had failed.” And the big baby lay there and cried like a child as he clung to me, and I—well, Id lost all my nerve in the tussle I guess, and we both blubbered a bit. We were inseparable at school. Jack was one of those fortunate, thrice-gifted fellows with a brain of quicksilver and steel springs, who never have to look at a lesson. I could best him at the gym, in the field or on the river; but to keep up with my classes, and him, wasnt easy. People often remarked that so firm a friendship between men so unlike in everything was strange indeed—he with his laughing, devil-may-care ways and a willingness to wander through life and pluck all its roses with never a thought of a thorn, and I the quiet, plodding one. And Jack was rich—very rich—and I heir to only so much gold as I might be able to earn. But, he was a good friend—and game. Facing the end of her world and mine as I am now, I think I know what hed do,

under like circumstances, anyway—and what I must and will.

It was after wed gotten home with our new honors that we began to sorter pull away from each other—Jack and I. At first I laid it to my work, for while he had leisure, I had to live. Lilian—I always called her “Kitten”—had been my little sweetheart as far back as I could remember. As a lad I had carried her books, pulled her sled—aye, and fought her battles when jeered at by the other boys because of evident devotion while inwardly confessing to and rejoicing in my slavery. It was all settled before I went away—when we should grow to man and woman and I had a home to offer, she was to be my wife. Her letters, which I read to Jack with frequent privileged omission, were sweet renewals of that pledge, and when I looked into her dark eyes on my return ere I took up the work that was to build our castle they were simply glorious with love-light. And I was glad to know, at first, that Jack was so kind and showed her so much attention in my absence—only that I noticed a change in her, too, after a while. Then the earth opened, and the skies fell! Mother of God!—how I suffered, the day they were married! But she wasnt to blame—her people were poor and urged it on—and he had never been denied anything in his life. And he was square—was Jack—and told me straight-

out, early. And she was his to win if he could—, only it hurt—like hell!

I am an honest men—and an honorable man if I know what the word means. And the creature who would cruelly question her must answer to me with the forfeit of life itself—for God never made a woman with mind so free of evil—with heart so pure—with soul so lily-white. Why did Jack's old father cross to the other side of the ocean to die? We had never met since—I had purposely avoided her, fearing to look at what I had lost—and working like the bondmen all poor devils are and hoping that time would heal the hurt. But we came face to face one night out yonder in the lane—the same Lilian, and winsome woman, only now another man's wife. There was no thought of reproaches—no plague of dead ashes—it was so good to hear her voice, and look into her face. That seems an age to me this morning, although in truth it has been less than a month. I am sure she never thought—much less did I—and yet—she loves me, and me alone! She is mine! I held her in my arms last night, my very own—counted her heart-throbs as they beat against my breast in storm of passionate appeal—felt her warm breath on my cheek and drank deep of the wine of her red lips as she whispered her sweet confession through a mist of tears! She is mine!—mine!—yet the wife of another, and he my old friend. Life—what a tragedy. Fate—the

consolation of fools. Love—mere lascivious license. Fore God she can do no wrong—with love such as ours there can be no such thing as sin—yet there is honor whose chains, though they gall and torture unwilling flesh, are fast-fettered. I know my duty. Though hearts break and burn and we wander forever through a desert of hallowed love and damning desire, this dream must end. Duty!—an invention of the devil. But it must be met—I will see her no more.

Noon—and how long the hours are. What are her thoughts I wonder, and what is she doing today? Is she counting the minutes which make for our appointed tryst, and will she grieve, and can she understand that it is best for both? Cursed fate, which robbed me of all worth while in life—the love and companionship of the one woman. I see a vision of elysian fields lit by a glorious sun and set with blossoms rare, across which wander hand in hand a man and a woman, forever. To have her with me always—together greet each day, and watch for the first stars to foretell the nights, and every one a wreath of roses! Beauty, wit, charm, intelligence and winning grace—these are her's, in full flower. O love of mine—a lily clad in rainbow robes—queen regnant of my heart, and yet deposed by that one little word. And what is duty—and to whom do I most owe its debt? Must we two finger dumbly a rosary of pain

through all the wintry years because of laws repealed in the courts of love, whose edict is supreme, since Adam—because of mistaken loyalty to an unloved husband who stands convicted as a thieving friend? Society is a tissue of pretense—convention a fleeting phantom. Litanies of woe are well enough for confined sleep; but ill befit lusty life. She has my promise, too. Do I not owe my little girl at least a last good-bye? Twilight comes apace—and Jack returns tomorrow.

Night—and the hour draws near. Adios to duty and ilka creeds of smoked glasses! Love's altar hath vestments of rosebud lips and starry eyes, with whispered service—sin tis said; but if with her, the one all-holy ichor despite the reckoning hour!







**S**ATURDAY night at Sexton's. The hour—what matters? Is it not enough to know that this is today? There are no clocks in heaven nor let us hope in hell—time was made for fools and slaves anyway—and Sexton is too wise to hang a warning on his walls. Of the hundred tables resplendent in cut glass and dainty damask and set with buds and blossoms, only a dozen are occupied—early ones who wanted to make sure of a seat, or wayfarers who like you and I come to look and listen. The foot-stool—are you quite comfortable, dear? One, and on your life see that it comes from under the ice. White Seal, you fool—must such as he, I wonder, be taught anew the first letter in the alphabet of the language of love? There are wines galore for those whose years are many and whose hearts are immune—but only one for maids and men.

The head waiter nods to the orchestra, and he and his aids stand at attention. It is the hour when theatres yawn — when box, parquet balcony and proscenium opening give up their wealth of gaiety and beauty to make a midnight holiday. And as from a jungle of palms and

ferns stealthily steal the opening strains of that tantalizing, teasing, foolish fancy — and every line a sermon, dyemoind, though cleverly hooded in wit and shrouded in satire—"You are up Against a Derved Bad Sign"—there comes the seductive harmony of silken skirts and voices ripe with laughter and glad greeting, mingled with the discord of moving chairs and shuffling feet—and the room is crowded to the doors as if by magic. Hundreds of late comers enter during the next half-hour, only to turn away. Every seat is occupied. Waiters rush hither and yon—bottles give resonant voice in bidding corks good-bye, steins and glasses ring, and countless candles of infinite variety and regardless of sex of devotee, illumine the shrine of My Lady Nicotine. Hail this day—we may not see another sun! T'ell with tomorrow—we're off on the good ship Forgetfulness on a voyage to the land of This Minute, where the lotus of love blooms neath skies of rosy red—whose ruler is Dionysus the Vine-Crowned, and whose queen is the girl who is a Good Indian!

Six people sit opposite — all from out of town and unused to city ways as is only too evident; but each man, apparently, accompanied by his wife. As glasses are refilled again and again the rising humor of the men and ready laughter of the ladies, is noticeable, because of the undeniably respectable personnel of the party. Papa and mamma out for a kick at an

easy moon—meaning no harm, and the lark of a life time. But after the fifth bottle has been ordered by the host who always insists, she notices that he is holding a hand of the little woman on his left, which rests in her lap. The shameless hussy—youre sure are you dear, that the one on his right is his wife? Well, maybe her ownest own is likewise busy on the other side of the table—and what could be more romantic than a quarette elopement and a double divorce. Anyway, skiddo, dear—skiddo!

Notice that bunch of boys—not a moustache among them, yet ordering round after round of suds with the sang froid of real men. That college yell tells its own story—a little later two of the lads lose their hold on things mundane and slide under the table. A parting stein, another vociferous but somewhat disordant tribute to alma mater, and everybody in the room knows that a couple of hacks have set out for the hell-holes of Market street. Yes—sowing their wild oats, with every prospect of a crop, right away.

Four radiant peonies from the Empire are holding the boards at the rear of the room, under the patronage of a Mullins Baby Food blonde who is advertising an easy angel. An hour ago when they entered I could have sworn that the little one, dark-eyed and dainty, was a novice—that she belonged anywhere but here—but the waiter has done his work well. Winsome and witching and flushed with wine, her beauty fair-

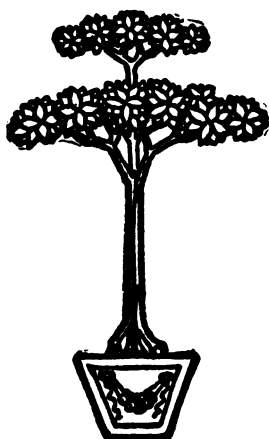
ly scintillates and burns—she is now the incarnation of star-eyed Bacchante, beside whom the beefy blonde and her companions sink to the level of the painted bawds they profess to be. Not a woman present but envies her brilliant wit and youthful charm—not a man but eyes her with undisguised admiration in which there is blended, too often, bestial desire for her body and the thirst of human vampire for her heart's best blood. Wise, did you say dear? Well—but a woman—and as yet not wholly wrecked, and still in sight of shore. It wont be long, though, ere the little thing is cast up by the waves if she clings to that cup with which she is gaily toasting the table. So long as a woman believes in and respects herself, even though she may be wise as the word goes, she will compel the homage and respect of others. They may suspect, but they cannot know—and there is that in feminine goodfellowship which ever tends to give suspicion the lie among those who understand. But drink soon drowns—disarms and cheapens—she who was a queen becomes common, and no one knows it sooner than herself—and thenceforth it is but a short half-hour to hell—and escorts are plentiful and the gate-keeper easy. It is the law of illicit love whose infrequent exceptions but prove the rule—so many lack that balance which we term mentality.

It is no longer Saturday night, but Sunday morning. Here and there amid the care-free

throng whose libations have bid conscience and reason good-bye—over whom hangs the sensual incense of unbridled mirth and muffled music—are vacant chairs and an empty table. We are of the half-world now, with few exceptions—living, joyous men and women to whom this sort of thing is the only rose they will pluck in this life—the which, as they know only too well, turns to ashes within the hour. Did I say half-world? Then I apologize to Friend Sexton, for everybody knows, of course, that his place is eminently respectable. These people are not of the half-world—yet—but they are knocking loudly at the door. The overworked and illy-paid princess who presides over the glove counter of a Sixteenth street department store, who came fresh and rosy from a country town only to learn, later, that her position meant bare bed and board to which she must add, somehow, those pretty things which every woman loves to wear—the moths who flit about the soul-consuming candle of theatrical ambition—the young seamstress who rooms with her “sister” in a back-street but obliging block—the maid who patterns after her aristocratic mistress—the naturally vicious and vile who though walking the streets in very truth yet know enough to cling to the coping of semi-respectability as long as they can ere the inevitable happens and they are swallowed up in the mire of dope and unspeakable degeneracy—all are here—and with

her—applauding risque stories and drunken indecencies, buying booze, and cheerfully helping her on to hell—is that monster man!

Waiter!—a cab. Fresh air—God, but its good!





QUEER, isn't it, that in a world made by the giver of all good and held in the hollow of His hand—beautiful and bountiful—filled with opportunity and affording every hope and every happiness—so many people persist in preaching the gospel of dont, doubt and damn?

I have pity for the man or woman whose heart no longer responds to the sweet symphony of human sentiment—whose capacity for enjoyment has atrophied as result of failure, or fanaticism—whose confidence in humanity was long since lost if any they ever had, and whose every thought and act originates in that dread trinity of dont, doubt and damn. The vanities of life—what are they but pleasures to those who choose, and who shall say them nay? The woman who appreciates herself and who realizes that to enhance beauty and charm is a duty she owes to others—the man who indulges in comforts and diversions for which he pays and can well afford—these and a thousand-and-one things are so set down in the lexicon de luxe of the pessimist, and in opposition to which he frantically waves the red flag of dont. Dancing, cards—social

gatherings of any sort other than held under the special dispensation granted His hired hands here on earth to save souls—these be the entering wedge of wanton wickedness—non-lided road-houses on the highway to hell. Dont live—devote your three-score-and-ten, you idiot, to getting ready to die. Dont laugh—let your face freeze, you fool, and let your mind dwell on last year's birds nests and a world filled with woe. Dont love—anything—anybody—tis but a weakness of the flesh which the creator carelessly overlooked in preparing plans and specifications comprising the structural architecture and component parts of Mr. Adam and Miss Eve, and because of which there was that first affair. And to forbid implies doubt—lack of confidence in self—distrust and suspicion. Dont and doubt go hand in hand. The honesty of men and virtue of women—the loyalty of friends and the sincerity of all who do not conform to hand-made conception of morality or profession of faith—of these is the dementia of doubt. Nobody is on the square—nobody ever makes good or would if he could. And with these qualities, as natural sequence, we always find a willingness to denounce and damn. Mistakes most trivial—wholesome amusements, and relaxations which do no harm—any attempt at self-assertion which conflicts with conventional ideal or superstitious and cast-iron creed, gets it good in righteous wrath. Charity has no place in the human



heart—forgiveness is a word forgotten—always the cold-storage sneer, and the heavy hammer. Of such, brethren, is the doctrine of non-faith in everything—the gospel of dont, doubt and damn.

God may have made other worlds; but this is the most beautiful, and best. There are blue skies set with the celestial jewels of moon and stars and kindly sun — landscapes of majestic mountains, green fields, vast oceans, forests, valley, mesa, lake and stream. All nature smiles, and responds gladly to every human impulse. Roses nod at us, birds sing and lilting breezes blow—and everywhere honest man and woman. I can understand the blind man who cannot appreciate a beautiful painting nor absorb the glories of an autumn sunset. I can sympathize with the sick and ailing whose malady of necessity has its perspective. I know how he who truly loves feels when the heavens fall, and have met failure and defeat and kindred megrims of mundane stress in every form. And yet, after all, there is life—and the joyous thought that it is good to live and well worth while no matter what happens. Whence, in God's name, comes this despondent and gruesome gospel of dont, doubt and damn?

I am not minded to admit that heaven is a lottery in which blind credulity draws an orchestra chair, or that Deity expects us to believe other than as we must. When I face the throne I want the Big Book to show something to my

credit other than that I swallowed the whale after Jonah got through with it, and looked as though I liked it—that I believed as reason dictated, and lived as He gave me light. Against this must stand the debit charge of error and wrong-doing through stress of temptation—but I want to be able to bet on a balance. With these I will get justice—the double-cross is of priestly, not celestial, origin.

Humanity is weak because He so designed, and of what use is temptation if a fellow doesnt weaken just a little once in a while? Sin is so common, anyway—so soul-satisfying too, sometimes, that it really isnt that according to some authorities who are perhaps as well entitled to credence as those of orthodox biology. Its a big word—a tie which binds the human race together in a kinship closer than that of the blood. There will be sinners in heaven in plenty—bad people who while here on earth were so much better, from the standpoint of human virtues, than the surely saved. Eternity doesnt mean a continuous revival—else a whole lot of us must be pardoned, as between being insufferably bored and forever burned, for expressing a preference. It is but a step from right to wrong—surely we can do as Christ did and will again—forgive and forget. Meanwhile time, the most pressing usurer of earth, stands ever at the door and winter leers at us over his shoulder—let us live! We were created with certain capacity and de-

sire for enjoyment, the which wouldnt have been given us if we were only sent here to gather together a few grave-clothes and officiate at our own funeral. What concerns us most is how to live today so that we may add to the knowledge, and the good, and the joy of tomorrow. Let those whose conscience hurts em theorize and guess and guess again on the problem of futurity—depend upon it that the same love that is with us here will meet us there—and let those whose mental mentor permits of pleasant dreams improve and enjoy the present. Only live each day on the dead square, and you have delivered the goods and prepaid the express. Its the hell on earth as scorches—dont fool with fire!

There is nothing in nature which teaches or even tolerates this doctrine of dont, doubt and damn. In simple truth there is nothing in religion as taught by His son to justify the fearsome protests of these prophets of evil whose blood, alas, has gone bankrupt. The sweetest love, the broadest charity, forbearance, trust, courtesy and kindness—getting all there is in life out of it, its opportunities and its fellowships—these are the lessons nature, and the Nazarene, would have us learn. One need not own the roses if he have a soul which is sensitized to their grateful odor, nor is title essential to a love and appreciation of this beautiful world so long as one had the capacity and the willingness to enjoy. What we love is ours, and as we love we own.

Heres to the Red Corpuscle, who loves most and fears least, and whose creed came to us with creation—whose smile and hand-clasp is a pledge of loyalty and faith in all humanity from the best men and women in the world—whose holy writ is a belief in today, and mayhap a tomorrow, the which are given us to enjoy—the true gospel of hope and happiness. How much better to live, laugh and love, than to dont, doubt and damn.





ABOVE my desk, as souvenir of a visit, to San Antonio a few months ago—hangs a picture picked up while in that quaint and historic and in all things delightful city. A bottle of wine on table, and beside it a sturdy Cupid—his hands on bottle-tip, and cork high in the air—and unmistakable astonishment and horror on the little fellow's face. Always, something happens! Love and wine—and the story is told!

Mythology, the handmaid of literature—that attractive composite of false marvels and obsolete beliefs appropriately clothed in poetic and rythmatic language—despite its fables is pregnant with familiar fact. There is no text-book substitute for Hebe if one would express transcendent loveliness and feminine verve—nothing so nearly approaches the beauty and ideal majesty of motherhood as Juno—Jupiter still stands sponsor for towering strength and supreme control—and man today does idolatrous homage to the Muses and Graces, renders willing tribute to the wisdom of Minerva, and watches the Fates spin his allotted thread with anxious eye. And in all this dust of fancies and fears coming from

legendary age wherein gods shared the earth with us as counsellor and friend, nothing so fixes the status of men and women then, now and for eternity as nature designed, as the place and power—the wisdom and the weaknesses—ascribed to those deities presumed to control our destiny and prototype our desires. Of the manly strength and vigor of Vulcan and the peerless beauty of Venus could only the god of love be born, and with Cupid and Psyche wed came a daughter whom they named Pleasure and later the twins of Love and Joy—surely the only issue possible from such parentage as the god of affection and an immortal soul. Bacchus was the son of Jupiter and Semele—which means a Red One, dyemoind. For a time he was transformed into a goat, as result of temporary triumph of the giants with whom the gods were often at war. Bacchus took Ariadne, the cast-off mistress of Theseus, to wife—of matchless charm and with fire aflame, and whose golden crown enriched with gems, even to our time, remains fixed in the heavens as a symbolic constellation of entrancing, compelling womanhood. It was Bacchus who first discovered wine—whence originated the triennial Grecian festival of Lاناea with its midnight procession of bacchantes crowned with chaplets of vine leaves. And through the mists of mythology—written in letters of eternal fire on every leaf of history—interwoven in the fabric of human strife and con-

tent and hope and happiness of men and woman since archaic time and proven event—there runs the warp and woof of this handiwork.

Good wine—typical of life and love—and either without the other of so little worth. Born of vine and leaf and earth and sky—well may thy priests and acolytes and living ilk render the service of fullsome chant and swinging censer to the oracle whose voice, since first heard from the sun-kissed slopes of Parnassus, has ever comforted and inspired and cheered. Well might the son of Omnipotence commend—poets in loving verse embalm and deify—the brightest minds of past and present offer up their adorations at thy shrine. Good wine—whence through Homer, Milton, Keats, Shakespeare, Byron, Cowper, Dryden and Burns the world gets its highest aspirations and loftiest sentiment—who knew, and who best taught life's philosophy. Good wine—a soothing balm which heals heart-hurts and militates the sear of sin and shame—a kindly hand which calms troubled seas, sweeps sorrow and suffering from sorely stricken hearts, wipes blotch and stain from the mirror of memory, dissipates phantom-shapes of doubt and fear and affords friendly shroud for envy and discontent. Of power benign and flavor divine—youth eternal, laughing at death as it joyously lifts the weight of years—the nectar and ambrosia of love, and the pomegranite of passion. Philosophers, sages and seers of every age and day of

the world—the men who have inspired and led in its every great work and praiseworthy achievement—have paid glowing tribute to the vine laden with its purple clusters as they quaffed the cup. Good wine!—heres to Bacchus, of blessed memory!

Although archaeologists who have been pawing over the exhumed bric-a-brac of ancient Greece for centuries havent reported the discovery of a replica of my San Antonio souvenir thus far, yet it may be surely said that as observant students of human nature our pleasure-loving brethren were properly on. Bacchus and Cupid—Dionysus and Eros—liquor and love—and usually side by side whether in paint or marble—have been found in plenty. The two were one then as appears—and with wisdom it has been so written ever since. Apollo still pursues the fair Daphne with more reasonable success—and that slam at Adonis dont go any more in our day. Only a potion of this sweet poison with its wealth of crimson in blushing bud or glorious blossom—a voyage in white-winged barge on sunny seas with Bacchus at the helm—is like to melt the hoar-frost austerity of the most chaste Diana. Cupid the rascal, is monkeying with that cork. A swarm of fireflies hover over an erstwhile desert which through some magic now wears hitherto unsuspected flower and foliage, seen through the rosy glow of appreciation. Fair bacchantees flit here and



yon, and with enchanting smiles and delirious songs shake flowing locks and beckon with tinkling cymbals—the sound of flutes is wafted on lilting breeze from fairyland—lovely visions charm the eye and the perfume of flowers fills the air, and pulsing bosom and sheen of white shoulders tells of a man enamored of a maid, and whose mad vows go to feed passion's fires. Everybody forgets all about that cussed serpent when a smiling Hebe touches rosy lip to glass or fills her slipper and proposes a toast—let good or ill betide, we'll sure break another bottle. Always, something happens. Love and wine—and the story is told!

Someone has said that golden ages are ever in the past, or perchance in the future; but never in the present. Bacchus disproves and damns this doubter—as Omar convinces that black is rosy red. Good wine—and echoes of a dead and gone antiquity are as the sound of harps from over the hills through a rosy twilight, and with the message comes the splendors and triumphs and manifold opportunities of the moment. Darksome depths are illumined—there is no limit to ambition or possession. The impossible and unattainable, the tabooed and seamy side, the humiliation of failure and the penalties of transgression—all are fleeting ghosts—carrion to be refused decent burial and thrown to the dogs. Every difficulty is overcome and every barrier swept away; mountains dwarf to mole-

hills, cares and anxieties vanish, and the future is a kaleidoscopic maze of dominant effort and dreamy delights. Cupid, you see, is monkeying with that cork! Like the rush of a bursting lake whose waters cry out in very ecstasy of liberation as they leap in the sunlight, so does time-honored observance and reverence for forms enthroned by custom as most hallowed give way to a realization that the power of the universe—that all worth while in life—is love. The deification of a virtue with which we have for so long laboriously polished and decorated the cold veneer of a conventional mahogany, becomes a beaten path of tiresome dictation to hearts whose inclination should be omnipotent. T'ell with the night owls of sacerdotal admonition who would chill the blood whose fervor and glow comes from a good God, and leave us without an idol to worship in all this bleak and lonesome land! For what were man and woman made? Is it the province of passion to humbly admire and serve and believe its duty done, and is love the commonplace affection of the beast for brawn and bran? Is the Red Corpuscle a herald to entone the fanfare of virile manhood and womanhood, or the vicar of incompetent and obtuse stupidity? Seen through the magic crystal of desire, Jupiter was indeed a god—and midst the cirrus clouds of polyphonic exaltation is the thermal gleam, ever, of the twin breasts of Isolde. Were these created with impotent fate

to wither ere the bud blossoms?—and time is such an incorrigible usurer, to whom payment may not be deferred. This is the golden age—the age of red blood, and proud beauty. Here's to life and love—and Bacchus, of blessed memory!

Wine is the infinite opposite of isolation. Though teeming with intangible visions and blissful memories—drifting forms and smiling faces whose love-lit eyes beam a recognition through the veil of a never-to-be-forgotten past—recalling secret treasures of the soul more precious than ever Midas knew—yet its floating vapors inspire for companionship, for laughter and song, and music which throbs in time with the heart. There is joy in retrospection. No matter how rough the path or how weary the way, it is given for all of us to cull many a rose from the desert of oblivion. And come to think of it, there were other blossoms, too—violets, and asters and jasmine and honeysuckle. And the sun was not always a laggard—and when it did shine, how bright and warm it was. There were errors, of course—weaknesses of mind and body—dwarfed ambitions and sometimes abject defeat—concealed now by the kindly curtain of honest regret and peaceful content. It may hide a grave—someone whom He has summoned or fearsome and inexorable fate, for there is a Valhalla of the living, and monuments of loving recollection and sweet memories are not all set in

cities of the dead fronting winding walks. But good wine reminds that these are the withered leaves of yesterday—that though tears are shed and hearts hurt, yet there still remains the hopes and pleasures of today. Grief is a human heritage—but if one must replace the sod and renew the wreaths for all time, why employ a sexton? And of what value are houses and lands and all the dross of golden store without the companionship of human kind? The wise man learns a lesson from the mummy and his five thousand years of bitumen and linen and forgotten epitaph—that there is a time during which life means to live; but that the fabled riches of Golconda can buy only six feet of earth, after all. And every day is the hour, and this is the time and place! Greeting, then, to tinkling glasses, merry quips and spontaneous song—and to soft hands, sunny hair, fair faces, warm hearts. Drink up! Heres to the gods of love and wine—red lips are ripe!

It is this sort of thing, brethren, as puts so many of us to the bad—in that we forget to call for the check, count hours as minutes and forget that there is a last car. It is all very well to preach moderation—everybody means to reform—and it is just perfectly lovely to resist temptation, only so often a fellow just cant spare the time. And after all is said, fahrenheit will have its fling.

But—mercy me!—nobody can excuse or

condone, much less understand, the conduct of some misguided people under vinous inspiration. Closing the musty doors of history and coming down to our own recollection, there was James Hazen Hyde and his frugal bite-an-sup at Sherry's after-the-theatre inn, where the goins on as you must remember was something scandalous. As appears must happen under given environment, everybody wanted finally to see a pair of legs on the table—and the willing Rejane did ze gran kick so superb an magniffy, while the waiters took a walk. And yet out of that wreck of broken glasses, lacerated morals and the world's record for ach-Louie lingerie arose the geni of corporation reform, the which, incidentally, made James H. renounce his citizenship—aye, aye, God is good—and put much flour in the barrel of Lincoln Steffens, of the industrious Ida, and other white-wing muck-rakian ilk. Then there was that lunch at the Duquesne club, tendered that accomplished artist Miss Anna Held by the flower of Pittsburg chivalry. As seems even more than usual in these times, there was insistent demand for something beside cut glass on the mahogany and for the absence of which the always complaisant Anna undertook to make amends. She did; but too well—and because twenty-three comprised a crowd was compelled to make her escape through a convenient window. Coming down to more recent overdone dates, theres a cork abob-

bin at Atlantic City this minute, where a supper with midnight incidentals ended in the usual altogether and all-in Semele doing a buck-and-wing on a wine-wet boardwalk in the Isleworth cafe. That New York and Philadelphia visit the beach for the sole purpose of taking a bath cannot, longer, be implicitly believed. The warrant hasnt always ranked with holy writ, anyway. And only a fortnight ago and right out here in our own Omaha, there was something awful happened. Eight society people—a married chaperone who evidently hadn't met the word in quite a while, three undeniably nice girls and four Bobby Burns bachelors had a quiet dinner out at the Field club. After the Martinis and King Williams began to taste sorter whow, there was a little wine. Though advertised as purely informal it got to be quite a swell function when the ladies began throwing dead soldiers through the windows—which perhaps explains how the word got out that one of the tidbits finally did a Parisian step on the damask in impossible dishabille. The boys will likely forfeit their membership fees, and the girls are taking their summer vacations. And dyemoid, nobody pretends to say that these are the first indiscretions of this kind to be pulled off at any of these places. On the contrary, it is admitted by the inside that with wine on the menu and the sign right a table-stunt is part of the programme—only that the reporters are occasion-

ally overlooked as penalty for which the criminals are pilloried in public print. Right, too—if Cupid will trifle with our moral pulchritude let him square the ta-ra-rums!

Is wine a mocker, as the prophet saith? Nothing doing, dear. Anyway there is no need to violate the peace and quiet of Missourian graveyards with a megaphone, an twould be cruel to quiz the poor devils who are sweating out their expiation—and as everybody knows, you simply cant believe a word of the evidence adduced in divorce courts!





EVERYBODY who exchanges permanent sagebrush environment for transitory metropolitan pleasures is certain to buy a stack of box offices during his stay. One of the great joys of life in the country is the occasional visit to the city. There is no such word as ennui in the municipal tenderfoot's vocabulary when his soft pedals press the pavement. Whether it be first night or any old night, he is there in box office or parquet if you please—every bit as critical as his metropolitan-born and bred brother but willing to admit that there is something new under the sun, and ripe with appreciation and ready with applause.

I am not sure that the death of Henry Irving—ever the talented and courteous—was untimely, though a loss irreparable. His name stood for the word legitimate; yet the lines which made him great have faded and gone. In the histrionic museum of forgotten things, Shakespeare and his ilk were long since sheeted and shelved. Even the melodrama—though wound about with a woolen string—no longer appeals. Vaudeville in some form has been



sceptered and crowned as king—the suggestive wherein moral rottenness is rampant and eventually gets the glad hand and the goods—the so-called musical comedy—the extravaganza and the spectacular—all off the same piece of cloth whose woof is a series of color schemes and specialty stunts neither more nor less than vaudeville—quick and devilish, with lime light and orchestral pomp and pantomime—dressed up or in dishabille—the whole without moral or morale and frothy and effervescent. Of the old-time regime, only grand opera still obtains. And this reminds me of a bad break made by a mean man who says the only difference between grand opera and extravaganza is in the exhibition of such physical charms as obtain above the belt. An extravaganza, he explains, means that you must look to the stage for that characteristic development which stamps her of the class mammalia, while in grand opera you get em in the boxes and front balcony rows without the aid of a glass. It is possible that this explains why opera still holds public favor, for from any other standpoint the attempt to blend music with studied emotion is a misnomer for either entertainment or amusement. I presume my ancestors were to blame or my artistic education neglected, but Im ferninst opera. To cough up five for a seat which ordinarily sells at fifty goes agin the grain, to begin with. To don a spike-tail gown, a guilotine choke and other haber-

dashian emoluments and listen to a covey of Italian canary birds who cant talk decent Sioux, and for two hours and twenty-two minutes, is exhibit B in my bill of particulars. I love music. A beautiful woman with a beautiful voice in beautiful song can get my terrestrial total with attendant real estate and other privileges, tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto appertaining or in anywise belonging, including the till of my trunk and an individual half interest in my town lots in heaven, any old time. But I bar the monkey business. When the heroine inflates her figure and with pearl-grays outstretched warbles to Ronaldo: "Thou art my life — my very soul!" with a ten-second dwell on "soul" comprising five semiquavers and ten twitters—one sorter loses sight of the sentiment. Even corset ligaments have a limit. And Ronaldo does the heroic and in a tenor borrowed of a Turkish harem attendant replies: "I love but thee—but thee!" and both of em pose—and everybody wonders why they dont get in before the water gets cold. Then to have the heavy villain amble down to the footlights and confide to the clarionette, from the sub-cellar of his esophagus, that he'll have the heart's blood of somebody or bridge the streets of Venice with human bric-a-brac—this in a hark-from-Hoboken howl to the accompaniment of wailing catgut and bellowing brass—dont go with me, see? Though artistic

and pleasing and of divine origin, music and making that sort of medicine are not synonymous terms—and nobody but a damphool mixes his drinks.

Your pastor, brethren, may not be a competent critic; but it strikes me that as generously compounded and artistically mixed theres a heap of mustard in stage mayonnaise, nowadays. What a change has come over balletian la mode since the advent of the tantalizing creature in tights. The svelte and sinuous captain of the guard is the very antithesis of the buxom beauty who once marshalled her sisters in such solid phalanx as made the stage tremble in unison with their martial tread. Candidates for the chorus, I am told, must still conform to certain measurements—the which, however, no longer represent the pernicious and misleading use of cotton upholstering or the possession of mere meat. Busts are permissable if obtainable; but they must be born, not built—the garter limit, so one of the dear creatures told me, has actually been halved. Very glad rags are the rule—high and low, and cut off and away in enchanting, bewildering, eccentricity as pertains to the form divine—including the would-be masculine whose bumps and curves are so deliciously and palpably feminine—the whole comprising a picture of ever-changing tones and tints—irridiscent in its lime-light-lit radiance—an ensemble of alluring, ravishing loveliness. And how they do drill

and dance—some saucily, some languidly and some laboriously, but none the less as though really and truly out for a frolic. Poke not the finger of Puritan or pagan at the beatific broiler—nowadays she is the whole show.

Yes, as my friend Comstock is doubtless aware, the last few years have almost entirely eliminated the diaphanous union suit and brought these giddy girls more clothes—but the baldhead will tell you that the piroutte and high kick still affords ample opportunity for the full satisfaction of a depraved taste such as craves that sort of scenery.





WITHOUT the mirror of memory, would life be worth living? All happiness is transitory—take from it the power to recall and live over again, and what would be left? Deprive us of its ever-present influence—the roseate hue it lends to anticipation, the gilding it gives to realization and the solace it yields ever after—and would anything matter much—and would it all be worth while, I wonder?

How often, as boy and man, maid and matron, we consult it—lean upon it and love life because of it. Faces are reflected in its unfathomable depths, true to expression, lineament and line and lacking only the power of speech—the absent, to whom the heart cries a glad greeting—the dead, who are never forgotten. How they crowd for recognition at times—with what smiles and soft glances, with here and there mayhap a tear, they recall the joys of other days—these creatures of a mind in reminiscent mood. Love is the theme—how the mirror pulsates and glows. The soul awakes to new life; lips burn once more with kisses long since grown cold but which then sufficed to set blood and brain on fire,

and empty arms clasp their own to throbbing heart again. The sheen of her hair; the pose of her queenly head; the witchery of her dear eyes; the soft touch of her hand and the very outlines of her form—all are there—loved and fondled and held close to the heart. Again faces of father, mother, sister and good friends smile at us; through a haze of years we review the happiness and small ills of childhood; in clearer light are outlined the hopes and aspirations and deeds done of a more recent past. Ah, what pictures we paint, at times.

There is another side—when an accusing conscience sears and burns—when the soul shrinks from the memory of that which it cannot now mend, or when the icy hand of the grim reaper still clutches a bleeding heart and all recollection is a tragedy. But while it is memory which lacerates and stings, it is memory which softens and subdues, and finally invests the most poignant grief with the heaven-sent halo of an enshrined regret.

Blessed be the mirror of memory—and would life be worth living, I wonder, without it?





OW strange is life—how complex, and filled with puzzling problems! How fraught with momentous deeds, from the viewpoint of self—with tragedy, if the truth were told — and through it all ever runs the golden thread of romance.

Your friend and neighbor—do you know him? If he has lived at all, think you there is not in the record more than one crisis—more than one heroic self-sacrifice—more than one grave, the which you have never even guessed. What do you really know of his hopes, his temptations, his struggles, his disappointments and his hideous fears—his unutterable joys and his unspeakable griefs? You know his weaknesses and his strength—something of his virtues and his vices for none are exempt from either—and that is all. Step into a public library—shelves of great cases are filled with the prolific imagery of professional romance writers—a world in itself of men and women, of action, motives, failure and success—of emotions, rewards and punishments—and yet only life after all, written out for the entertainment of those

either too young to know, or who are blind to or forgetful of that which the years have printed on memory's pages. Few there are whose lives are devoid of romance in some measure—many there are whose lives would so surpass the fiction stored on serried library shelves as to leave them barren of that very element with which they seem to abound. Love such as none other ever knew—joys of recollection which keep the lamp of hope alight—great aspirations, blissful dreams, sacrifice, success and black despair—who shall say that these are only found in books?

Neath the everyday life is always the unreal and the unfamiliar. There is romance about us in plenty if we could but see and understand. It is given to some to know.







**T**HERES a world that never was,  
nor yet will be—the Utopia of  
our inner selves. It was created  
along with Eden—invested then  
with every impulse and posses-  
sion of a hopeful, making human-  
ity—with smiling landscapes and green fields  
and leafy bowers—seas of silver set with phan-  
tom sails ever flitting to and fro tween ports of  
promise, and islands rioting in foliage and  
flower. And since, through all the ages of spir-  
itual craving for something better and higher  
and sweeter than treadmill everyday, here the  
birds sing and fragrant breezes blow and nature,  
which was meant to include men and women,  
is fraught with every love and peace and con-  
tentment. Tis a fair country—truly a wise gift  
from God to His creatures—this world that  
never was.

Outside the night, in all its splendor of glit-  
tering gems and royal robes of immensity—of  
fleecy nothingness hung in an eternity unguessed  
—each star a sentinel to light the way to some-  
where—and through the wondrous maze swings  
Our Lady of the Moon. How and why are we  
here—so pitifully inconsequential as seems now,

and yet so sure of ourselves—and where the journey's end? Through the silvery haze and from out the shadowy hills troop a motley multitude — each a man-made religion, and each claiming to be only and ordained to solve the problem and lead the way. Bigoted, and often cruelly unjust—sacreligiously grotesque—hypocritical—monstrously impossible in the deification of smug compliance with so-called edicts, and denying every heritage of mankind save divinity of the devil—as these confront me in clamorous threat and gesture so at variance with the hour, what wonder that the heart at peace hesitates? And suddenly I am conscious of a smiling, hopeful presence—the sky softens and the moon and stars take on new and lustrous tints, while from afar off comes a hymn of praise of the only Omnipotence it is given us to know while here—the human heart. How simple—and so sure! Penal passions, pride and greed and paltry pelf—envy, hatred and strife—these melt away as a mist. Creation's dream, then, has at last come true—the children of men no longer slit throats for gauds of brass and carnal coin, nor traffic in souls as stepping stones to pleasure and power—behold the day of red blood! Instead of creeds and courts, humanity lives and abides by the golden rule—happiness reigns supreme and content is everywhere—and as Deity intended we His handiwork are again united

with but one God and His religion. Alas, not yet—nor can it be—this world that never was.

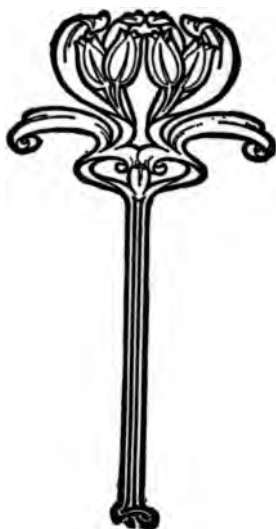
Without that infinite trio of love, hope and ambition life would be empty. How often they console and inspire—what victories are prophesied and rewards pledged as the soul communes with itself. Given free rein of imaginative introspection, nothing is prohibited or impossible. Kindness becomes something more than convention—charity not a virtue of obeisance but of necessity. If the heart cries out for someone for whom you would gladly pawn the glories of eternal life—whose red lips and laughing eyes dim the white light of His throne and whose womanly charms rival the treasures of Golconda as they sum the beauty of her sex—its she who whispers a new message in an unknown tongue, as she lies in your arms. Success beckons from every hilltop—fame comes at call—that which but yesterday was far away and impossible is already accomplished. Ah me! Mahomet moves every mountain—in the world that never was.

How good it is, after weeks and perhaps months of sagebrushian solitudes, to greet the city again with its life and lights, and men and women in seeming multitudes. The thunder-throb of traffic—towering buildings and hurrying throng—wealth, beauty and pleasure in robust appeal to the senses—these make far more than the passing show for we who do not see them every day. But at night is the hour

of revelation—when shop windows are resplendent in lustrous and wanton art, and streets filled with the glamor of a sky bewitched neath which romps a mob freed of mundane duty and bent on merry-making. Aye, we are learning our lesson, dyemoind—we do remember the mummy. After the theatre the cafe, with its vine-clad walls, carnation-decked tables, and service clean-cut and courteous — how palpably wholesome a thing this life, and how good it is to be here. But tis friend Baker though whom I catch the spirit of the text—he of the magic wand and singing soul. Out of the hum of voices and tinkle of glasses rises the incomparable “Rusticana” in all its orchestral oblique suggestion and subtly lilting sentiment—that eternal creation of emotion, time and tempo which, somehow, touches elbows companionably, and so blithely withal, with red blood. The lights go out—the earth slips away—nothing is real save as violins illumine the theme and the cello in sobbing, swelling insistence, tells that old, old story. What matters strife and contention—the things of doubtful value for which mortals fearsomely contend? Environment is empty nothingness—that scene I recall as of a moment ago with its opulent wealth of beauty and bliss—laughter and merry quip midst teasing froufrou of silken skirts—here is no place, and all are forgotten, now. Adrift on a sea of dreams am I—lost to every material sense—living and to the full for

one blessed moment, in a world that never was.

Tis an elusive, fugitive joy, this abandonment of body and soul to spiritual guidance which is a thing of so much wonder, has travelled so far and has seen so many marvels. And yet, who are immune, if something more than flesh, to the beckoning lights and transcendent joys of that mythical realm it is given us to know sometimes—the world that never was.





LOVE—a little thing—a sentiment if you will—and yet without it what would be left of that thing we call life? There are emotions which make for ambition, for right living, for honor and industry and all effort—but how pitifully small and inconsequential beside the mighty tomes which, circling the globe, comprise the lexicon of love.

Love—the symbol and sequel of birth, the solace of death—the essence of divinity. Frozen indeed is the heart which has never felt its glow—gross the mind and sordid the soul which has never been illumined by its sunshine. It is the force which created and peopled the world—which has always built, though oftentimes destroyed—which is the origin of religion, the foundation of society and order and all law, and which has inspired every praiseworthy effort since the morning stars gave creation glad greeting and the sun first looked down upon a planet invested with human life. It has been the sacrificial altar of all ages, piled high with the willing hearts of martyrs and patriots, and on which woman have joyously offered up their first-born and best. Love has given to the world its artists—painters, writers, poets, sculptors and those

whose names will live in stage-land lore—how few if any who do not owe their laurels to its sublime influence in some form or fashion.

But it is the crystal witchery—the imagery of mind—the supernal exaltation, or mayhap lethal torture, of the human heart as pertains to sex, with which love has most to do. Desire was born of the first clasp of willing hands and the first challenge of rosy lips—with the first coo of a babe came the wish for a home and the love of the many merged into the love of the one. Divinity has decreed that these be inseparable—virile manhood appeals to her though she be saint or bacchante, and his nature must ever respond to the aphrodisiac rustle of silk and flutter of lace. At Cupid's elbow stands Amor, ever, and where Venus holds her court there too will be found sweet Aphrodite—it is the law.

But when one has finally found, witness the splendid architecture of fancy founded on true affection. What voices one hears couched in tender contralto key—face and form speak a language beyond the province of tongue or pen to perpetuate—hours pass on leaden wings or are mourned after as extravagant or irretrievable waste—the discords of life align themselves in blissful harmony—faith is untarnished, and distrust dead. And from out the harbor of hope comes a fleet of argosies, sail-set and freighted with happiness—and as they melt into a horizon of pearl and amethyst, behold a face!





SING a song of solitude—of that hour of restful companionship when the soul is alone with itself. I love the throb and color and lilt of life—its blur of blood and battle—its laurel of desire achieved and duty done. To walk with our kind is privilege enough if that were all—to touch hearts and hands is to know and have our heaven here. There is joy in human fellowship and its manifestations so helpful and requisite. But who is it that most concerns you as the plenteous river of life flows on—who more than all else makes the very door of this our dwelling? Maeterlink's truism that "None but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate" is the eternal fact. 'Tis I that lives at the root of every act and every conviction—whom circumstance may warp and twist and necessity compel at times, but for whose sins none other should suffer, and in whose sacrifices and triumphs no other soul can share. There is no requirement or religion so helpful as conscious will and intellect in honest introspection and hopeful penance and pledge, with courage to search and question its faults and look fearlessly into the future. How



the skies brighten and the mists clear away as we learn to quicken and love the silent substance of life—which is I, after all. I sing, then, a song of solitude—of the immovable, logical and divinely sacred certitude of self.

Full well I know, good sirs and madam, that as the shadows lengthen few there are among the hierarchy of humanity who have not lived more than one life—that tis a part of mental purpose divinely planned to walk with failure and mistake and oftentimes meet and kiss tragedy full in the mouth—that red blood as it hurries on to dare and do is like to touch the hem of every emotion, and run every gamut while here from hope to hell. Who of middle age has not seen honest effort sold as a slave in the market place of smug consent—shrieking virtue raped at the roadside with none to protest or prevent—worth and innocence blasphemed as bastard and bawd, and duty despoiled of her vestments and tied in wretched and shivering poverty to the cart's tail of pious pretense? Tis a lane grotesquely yet gloriously grievous, this highway to happiness—lined with roses and thorns and gods and witches in mysterious frenzy none have yet fathomed, and along which countless thousands plod without ever passing that turnstile of the second verse of the ninety-third psalm, in sodden content with their dog biscuit of everyday. And yet if not all brute, the happiness of which we dream is always inward even though

shared with others—is founded first on the mysterious and inexhaustible solution of self. Oh! the wondrous totality of life!—and how unless earth and sky smile on strenuous soul and quiet conscience can we hope to make it great and complete? I sing then, a song of solitude—of that hour when the mind draws nigh unto its destiny of Deity—when oblivion wraps all else in its merciful shroud, and I am alone—with myself.

As pagan priests first laid bare the mountain top ere they besought the gods to light its altars with eternal fires, so man must divest his mind of bush and thorn mundane if he would enter the sanctuary of the open heart and commune with and know and sanely reckon with that other one. First, he must needs be honest, and not lie to himself. I may befool the world; but there all pretense ends—may be maligned and misunderstood by others; but well I know the truth. If confidence—aye, an ye will, call it egotism—inspires een though tempered with the whimpering wage of regretted folly, all is well. Truth and happiness are one, and when man looks in his own face without shame he approaches the infinite of human enjoyment, possibility and power. Wrong is a whore—falsehood a fool—Satan a sneak. Integrity of intent purifies, sweetens and ennobles, as does the beautiful thought or the kindly deed. We learn as we pass the mileposts that duty is mere silent neces-

sity of nature—not so much owing to others as to self and a thing not to be spoken of lightly as man-made, but instead the very flower of creative instinct. And all that we cling to may crumble for so little abides—but I remain, and with myself must travel the highway while here. How essential to peace and tranquility then is honesty, when alone with my soul and none else.

Life is a divinely planned trinity of purpose, if I read the terrestrial horoscope aright. Its ambitions and joys and sorrows and ends are neither supernatural nor mysteriously inevitable—gifts from neither aforeordained destiny nor a monstrous and cruel God. Through the mists of centuries gleams the one fixed star of hopeful human happiness—first risen and seen over the plains of a mundane Bethlehem when man and red blood were born. Nature stands for but one ideal—lusty life. Throughout her wide realm she throttles and kills the weak and imperfect—only the complete because obeying her laws, may live. Man was placed here to live also—and to live means to laugh and love—and they who repudiate nature with her generous heritage of lofty mountains and limitless plains commit eternal crime. It was not meant that we should dispense with one particle of our weakness or our power, or one iota of cheerful indifference toward the ages that were or that abysmal void weve named eternity. It is the moment rather than the day to come, that concerns. And when

first the hour of conscience sounded, Omnipotence knew that all was well with the world—for was not the soul alone with itself!

There is wisdom in this ancient Hindu axiom: "Work as they work who are ambitious. Respect life as they respect it who desire to live. Be happy as they are happy who live for happiness." There is no virtue in selfish suffering—no duty in perfunctory denial—no holiness in quaking fear of a hell. The man who walks arm in arm with himself has no need of the narrow, rigid morality of a cocksure religion which threatens with punishments and bribes with promised bliss. His reward is his own and paid in person. He knows that life has been given him with fixed because nature-made purpose—not as a loan at usury to stifle or warp according to orthodox ukase or canned creed and throw away in cunning humility or parasitic pretense, but as a means to an end which dawns with each day. He understands that God holds of little account laws purely selfish and compelling—that drowsy fatalism or servile acquiescence is a withered arm on which the upright soul cannot safely lean—that enforced duty is like to mean either deliberate error or moral indifference which is worse, and that vainglorious renouncement, resignation and sacrifice are far more destructive to the stability of self than great vices. He is neither coward nor moral hireling—this child of nature who as he presses

sturdily on, hand in hand with himself, lives as she leads.

I have known what it costs to lose that which was more to me than life—what it means to be mistaken and maligned of men—what four-fold penalties puny mistake oftentimes entails. That which seemed the sum of all existence once is now a silently smiling grassgrown grave—calumny and envy pass by on the other side, halting and harmless—and in reason's court of last resort whether they or I face the bar, who more like than conscience and I—in secret and final session and who best know how and why—to temper justice with Omnipotent example and forgive and forget. Friends may prove false—but are there not others? Failure may damn effort—but beyond my world-rim of everyday rises, always anew, the prophetic and kindly sun of success. And the stars, too, laugh as they tell me that love and happiness never yet were denied the Red Corpuscle an appreciative God made. Behold! I am ruler oer a mighty universe—myself!

There are hours which courage cannot console and griefs which neither tears nor time itself can cure; but no matter how heavy the blow it still remains with us to say what it shall bring. There is plot and pillage, drunkenness and death—likewise the living deed and the eternal self-consciousness of a reason which is neither fettered, bound or bought. There will always be

the unknown—but how can normal man accept the tomb with its stagnant beggary rather than the hearth on which the fire still burns? Despite hypocrisy and cowering slavery, individual ambition and inmost desire always have and will make the man. And I sing, then, a song of solitude—of myself!





ISMET!" say you, and in obedience to your own decree drop the oars and drift with an outgoing tide—a derelict doomed and damned. Tis a word pregnant with the languor and paralyzing dead level of the Orient—stands for mental poppy juice and hasheesh wherewith these careless and ignorant animals stupefy themselves—strangely typical of their superstitions and customs, their lack of will and listless regard for life. When trouble comes the Turk bows his head and mutters meekly "Kismet, tis fate"—the fool!

We live largely by desire to live—when purpose ceases, life begins to shrivel. It may be a long time ere the end; but the process of decay begins with the loss of enthusiasm, hope, ambition. With the spirit dead, vital force soon follows. To acknowledge fear of failure, deficiency or lack of ability, or to harbor doubt in any degree, is to weaken the very foundation of achievement. Success is born of effort; but is sired by confidence ever—to admit that you are incompetent or inferior to those who have succeeded is to invite shipwreck. The world not

only stands aside for the courageous man with a mission and who if he must faces misfortune with a smile, but willingly helps him on to the end he seeks in more ways than one. Strength to do is not enough—there must be will to do, and confidence equal to any disappointment or disaster. What would the world be today if humanity had always bowed its head to passing opposition or disheartening overthrow? There are evil days for all at times, for so it seems—sorrow and suffering, blighted hopes, ruined faiths and desolate loves making the muck and mire of a hell while here; but the sun still shines—there are mountains to climb, sweet solace of success to attain and roses to pluck if we will—and life means so much. “Kismet, tis fate”—the fool!

If man at all it is easy for young blood to face misfortune and defeat. Nature makes of youth an optimist, who knows that come what may his world as yet lies before him. It is they who have passed the middle milestone or more who are most like to plead guilty to the soul-destroying indictment of the Turk, and whose pessimism is often appalling. You know more than one very old man to whom the once haloed and harpoon-appendaged orthodox devil would be a clumsy though well-meaning understudy—in whom all confidence, all love and charity, have atrophied and whose palsied opinion of the human race if lime-lighted would give Dante some



particularly pleasing moving pictures. Happily these human hyenas are being handsomely consumed in their own hate—for which Great Boon even the infidel can thank a wise and just God a little bit. In the old days and under their then cold and rigid social and religious regime, the only thing left for the old to do was to die. Puritan ethics left no other portcullis open. From childhood they had been taught nothing but death, and every glimpse of joyous life but verified the truism that twas a mere go-between linking the cradle with the grave. Man was born to burial, 'you bet. Years might intervene, although they really hadn't ought—anyway the sole purpose of creation was that he might get his either in hell or in heaven. Enjoyment of the meantime was shrieking sin—his stay here was passing makeshift whereby he was tried out for an eternity over there, and his destination depending upon final earthly collaboration of hidebound whiskers and holiness. Small wonder that old age then was like to be either snarling acquiescence or peevish and perverted probation, with every mundane ambition overshadowed by the rotting gravecloth of religion—that it was harsh and unforgiving—and that when their time was up according to accepted decree they accomodatingly died in spite of the fact that even and abstemious habits should have guaranteed their more than biblical limit. They died

simply as a matter of duty. "Kismet, tis fate"—the fool!

Theres a cheerful note ringing down this age of ours anent men and women on the shady side of life—that years do not necessarily mean oblivion nor mental anarchy—that liberty of speech and purpose and belief have developed something very like the object of that quest on which Ponce de Leon spent the best part of his inheritance. "Whom the gods love die young" has given place to "They never grow old whom courage claims as kin" in latest translation. Wholesome virility cannot be either vicious, vapid nor venerable—action and good cheer are proof against microbe and mollygrub—full enjoyment of this life suffices to whet the spiritual anticipation of a clear conscience for those greater joys of that other if it happens and for which the healthy human is in no hurry. There are neither grandfathers nor grandmothers any more. Massage, skin lotions, stylish corsets and gowns and modish hats have made of sixty and more still charming and attractive women, undreamed of a decade ago. Men of today, too, preserve their youth wonderfully well. The hustle and bustle of business and professional competition helps a heap. We know better what fresh air and exercise mean, and proper use of the bath as well. We drink more; but socially rather than behind the barn—keep later hours; but without actual loss of undue rest and sleep

—go more and do more; but happily and gladly. And better still, public opinion now decrees that we should remain here rather than go hence—that hopeless reconciliation to old age is useless and foolish and accomplishes speedy penalty the which abates with rebellion—that to retire at fifty is treason. We have developed the trick of remaining young while growing old, through greeting the years without protest. We know the secret—tis enjoyment of life—hope—enthusiasm. The only form of old age to be deplored is that senility and decay which comes with loss of courage—without there is nothing left for which to live. Old age to those occupied and happy is superstition plus—the triumphs and joys of each day make for youth renewed—“As a man thinketh in his heart so is he” is as true now as when written.

If youve achieved an average in life there is yet in your heart enjoyment of the moment and inspiration for further endeavor. Youve not earned a rest—there is so much yet that is well worth while. Disillusion should ennoble rather than weaken character—indifference is deadly, and slothfulness breeds cynicism. Gentler and kinder and happier you ought to be since youve learned your lesson; but not less useful. Meet the years with a smile! “Kismet, tis fate”—the fool!





**M**AKE good—leave the rest to Mother Grundy and God. Rake much hay—something might happen—remember the possibilities once open to the man who is now the mummy. And tis enough to know that you are at peace with yourself—that you are neither liar, thief nor hypocrite. Cut out tenet, tautology, and tears. Live each day as though it were the first, and last—not in the sense of prodigal waste of riches without recompense, nor of truckling fear of the future; but of pride and joy in the present. Dont dodge nor dissemble—play fair, but to the full—believe in yourself, and look your world in the face. Mother Grundy—meaning a sexless creature in whose frozen veins the Red Corpuscle hath no place—may not approve, and is like to gain much pleasure in back-biting dissection of your moral and spiritual cadaver. But this is your day—and from a Deity who gave you a mind and body and a heart to guide and life to enjoy, you will get justice. And dont aim at smug perfection—be human—live this life according to the creed of our common kinship—if only the Nazarene and they were on earth

now the Mother Grundys would be sorry, but just as busy. Make good—leave the rest to them, and God.

Nothing so surely gilds the moon and adds lustre and warmth to the sun as the knowledge that every obligation has been fulfilled—nothing so surely darkens the night and damns the day as admitted failure to make good with your conscience and your kind. Who have been and are today the real worth of the world? Whose names are graven on tablets of stone, written in letters of fire on the skies of heroic endeavor, or traced in blood on the pages of sublime self-sacrifice? All history tells the same story. Who are the men and women in whom humanity puts its trust; and on whom do you most rely as guide and counsellor and friend—who other than he or she who always makes good? To make good is but to practice common honesty. It has been well said that while honesty is the best policy, yet the man who is alone actuated by that precept is a possible candidate for the penitentiary. Honesty is not relative—it is actual. And what a wondrous word—none other has so wide a range of interpretation, covering as it does the gamut of human character—the basic essential of all financial, social and other credit—the one thing necessary to all enduring honor, all real happiness, and all safe success. Honesty does not necessarily succeed—there are other qualities which enter into the puzzling equation of

material prosperity to whom it is given so few of us to solve; but sincerity is something worth so much more than sordid pelf that wherever met, it compels obeisance. Time was when they boiled the honest man in oil, hung him up by the thumbs or invoked the persuasive powers of rack or gibbet to convince him that he was both liar and hypocrite. We do get together nowadays as to the ownership of the horse, and not only furnish the rope but watch the late lamented swing to and fro from a telegraph pole with pagan approval; but in some other minor matters we are still as wide apart as ever. And church and society today resort to old-time tactics though in necessarily modified measures as regards many things on which we cannot agree, and for which men and women contend with as honest motives and as pure hearts as those who for principle laid down their lives. We not only provide a penalty for but pay a premium on hypocrisy, in that in our zeal for so-called reform we damn dishonesty if it does and deify it if it dont. Certain people believe certain things — whereupon certain other people who dont are aboard a six-cylinder and headed for hell—close the gate, ye annointed, lest a merciful God slips them a return ticket! Certain man-made rules obtain wherewith society builds its corrals—what a chorus of ki-yis, hustle of bronks and throwing of ropes if a maverick breaks out of the bunch. Mind cuts no ice—

conviction is an outcast and intent without character—with these self-appointed censors with whom all who fail or refuse to come in out of the wet are mere matter.

I can conceive of no torment such as befalls the hypocrite under the constant, elbow-hunch of an accusing conscience. Criminologists assure us that compared with any other winged agent of retributive justice, Nemesis were a nine-spot. With the criminal this fear is largely of the law and its vengeance; but with the man who has only half a heart is, always, the self-consciousness that he is a sneak. The hypocrite may lead in prayer at the Wednesday night confessional soire, mumble grace before meat and pose as a pious plus—but how about the hour when he stands face to himself with himself? He may live within the letter of the law and yet rob and cheat his family and friends—but what answer does he make as he must when alone with his soul? He may cohabit with one wife, and covet the flesh of all womankind from cousin to coon—but surely he knows that virtue is only an ethical formula insofar as concerns him, and that the demands of law and custom alone control his lust. He may play the good-Lord-good-devil game to the limit; but after deceiving everybody else—the men and women with whom he associates through the day he goes to bed with a rascal—a contemptible coward—a scoundrel and dirty dog, with whom he must associate

through all his two-faced life. He knows that he is not what he pretends and what others believe him to be—that he is a liar, hypocrite, and thief in thought if not in fact. How can such men live with their other self—with what argument quiet their conscience—how dwell in a whited sepulchre with such a bedfellow!

Honesty is the best policy—not only because it conforms to established law and natural equity and insures sound sleep, but because time always calls the bluff. The antiquarian world stands aghast today at the mendacity of one Ramesis. He was a four-flusher who bet his hands high but who, as now appears, never filled. We have been offering up our adoration all these years to a bogus ruler and builder who as a matter of fact was a king on the bum—in that his greatest accomplishment was a willingness to collaborate the talent and effort of others, and his one virtue a protuberant and vulgar vanity. We know that he reigned over Egypt at a time when Thebes was quite a town, and that he died leaving as we had believed for centuries cities and statues and monuments builded by him and erected in his honor, including some fifty-nine daughters, one hundred and eleven sons and more than one widow. Egyptologists assure us now that while he might have erected a summer cottage or two for his harem he was in truth a historical plagiarist who sought to perpetuate his name and fame with a cold chisel—in that



he cut his hieroglyphic sig on about every temple and other enduring creation then in the land, regardless of its age or origin. Possibly his remarkable claims to posterity are far-fetched. History must be revised—but Ramesis gets his as forger and thief and archaeological ass. Doubtless his associates of that age and day knew him as a dirty deuce—as we know that there are others now. Liars and thieves and hypocrites and the fearsome four-flusher are contingent weaknesses of a humanity which affords the fool a deal of scriptural folly. Ignorance, credulity and superstition are triplets born of their ilk—creeds and convention are human edicts—gainst which, thanks to present-day leaven of honesty of thought and freedom of action, real men and women who do as they must no longer lead a forlorn hope in preaching the gospel of make-good.

Creeds, custom and social ukase are well enough; but all do homage to sincerity—to that conviction which upholds and justifies. Though we do not always agree, and may not condone, yet we cannot condemn. So long as men and women are true to themselves—honor and believe in themselves and look the world in the face unafraid because with clear conscience—real humanity must accord them that deference and respect their faith each in himself and herself deserves. All religion is sublime if personified—the doctrine or creed doesnt matter much

if idealized by assurance which is so apparent and dominant as to leave no room for doubt—all its forms are ceremonies asinine and empty unless born of absolute belief; but if sincere, to question them were sheer sacrilege. No man on earth who deserves the name, whether bigot or arrant skeptic, but in his soul reveres the sign of the cross—which does not necessarily mean that he believes either in a supreme being or a future life, only that he is compelled to respect the symbol of sincerity—of a firm and abiding faith. And this applies to all life—is the fire-test of universal esteem—this confidence in self which justifies and deifies every avowal of men and women of honest heart and imperative mind who scorn to play the hypocrite as pertains to their own soul—who take that which they believe is theirs and live as their conviction leads—who make good with themselves, leaving the rest to Mother Grundy and God.

Damphool precedent cannot thrive nowadays on the collective stupidity of posterity. That stubborn, sturdy something which makes for individuality has finally established the fact that a receipt for pew rent paid is not necessarily a license to live and that there is no crime in laughter and the joy of life. Mount Oliphant has been consigned to the dump of moldy muddles—tradition has been trimmed—the misguided prophet whose only route to heaven crosses a bridge of sighs gets short shrift. There

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is much truth alas, in the theory of original sin—but there is likewise much virtue in charity and forgiveness of transgression, and good intent and honesty of conviction and sincerity of purpose are not barred by the statute of kindly limitation.

To be good is well—to do good is better—to make good is best. Insofar as opportunity affords, brother, live this life; but dont disappoint—meet its every obligation, spoken or implied. Do always as you ought, according to honest and decent every-day expectation—having ever in mind that you have friends to retain and a conscience to accuse or commend. The upright life hath its recompense, although the term itself is of wide and honest interpretation whereby so-called misdeeds are often permissible from other standpoint, or mere mistakes which time will mend. But to the world you owe certain obligations—to those near and dear to you much more. Fail not to pay these on demand—let neither principal nor interest go to protest. Small minds will complain and jealous souls assail—t'ell with em all. It is enough for you to feel that you are four-square—that you know and do not fear yourself—that you never have failed an enemy, or a friend.

Make good—leave the rest to Mother Grundy, and God.





THE room dimly lighted—shrouded in silken coverlet and shivering in fear and shame, a wild-eyed woman—and two men, one erect just within the open door and the other cowering, half-clad, in a corner. Silence, save the rhythmic croon of a tiny clock on the dresser whose once musical seconds to these three now are as grotesquely vibrant as the clang of a brazen gong. No need to give the tragedy a name—tis common enough, God knows. A husband has come home—only to learn that his wife is a wanton.

Tis an ancient, exciting and many-sided sport, this chase of married women. Men class her as permissible prey, and delight in their reverence for virtue in the abstract while deliberately planning her undoing. The seduction of a maid is quite another matter. She is a novice whose vows are sacred both to society and herself—untaught—perforce unwilling because standing always in the shadow of direst consequence and staking all her fate on a future. When she surrenders, it is always young blood to blame—the libertine knows better. With virtue lost she loses hold on the life she knows and

has been taught since childhood—and there is like to be discovery and disaster involving mutual wreck and ruin—as these human vampires learn early and to avoid. Young girls are misled; but not as the rule holds by those experienced in the arts of illicit lure nor by men married or past middle age. But the wife—she knows, and can and must protect both herself and paramour, hence there is nothing to dodge save improbable discovery—the which, under spur of passion, be damned!

Dante's conception of eternal torment is a physical one—awful enough as it seems and yet having most to do with material pains and penalties. There is one other—a real hell of horror, in whose bottomless pits writhe and burn hearts and souls of mentality. Physical suffering in itself is nothing but a passing sensation, and punishment a thing to be put away if possible; but neither of little moment really to the monster, the martyr, or mere man. There is a hell of the heart of whose tortures the devil never dreamed—if this man loves his wife as he ought he, anyway, understands. Bidden to clothe himself the other obeys and stands in cringing guilt awaiting his sentence. It is plain there will be no murder now—mayhap the publicity of the divorce court—possibly condonement as others have done, and one more human wolf set free on ever complaisant society without even public reprimand. But a strange thing

happens. The husband coolly demands of the intruder the price of his wife's dishonor. The mistress finds sweet recompense in the transports of her sin, but the prostitute must be paid. This woman is his very own—she has been enjoyed by the other—there is recognized usage governing that relation under which the seducer has incurred a small debt which must be paid in money, and to him as her owner. A sorry jest, indeed—the acme of insolence—would he cease this mockery and state his terms? Again the husband insists that he pay the price—explaining that there is no question of redress or damages involved—merely the matter of pecuniary recompense for illicit pleasure, and only in the usual trifling amount. Surely the request is not unreasonable—and finally convinced of its reality and earnestness the bewildered Lothario takes from his pocket gold coin, and a moment later is shown the door with scarcely needed caution that his life will be forfeit if he ever returns. And what of the woman whose body has been sold, and who crushed and broken and dazed with dread awaits the coming of her master? He reenters the room; but to bid her good night—quietly and without reproach. Only at the breakfast table next morning the husband takes from his pocket a metallic something which a moment later clatters on his plate. No word is spoken; but a dagger—two edged—finds her heart—in that clink of a coin!

And thus in ghastly procession the days drag—no mention of that night—only at the morning meal always that cutting, cruel reminder—the price of her prostitution. Driven to despair she pleads pitifully for pardon in all the agonies of repentance—twas not her fault alone—surely he will confess to something and try and understand her temptation and undoing—cannot she atone and pledge her life and soul that she will forever be true? Confronted with inevitable smiling, sneering silence she begs on her knees tween racking sobs for a reprieve—to go away for a time—but without avail. And so each day an accursed and ever-condemned woman wearily—hopelessly—mounts the scaffold of her sin and bares her neck to a knife that never falls; but pitilessly spares life only to scarify and rend and shrivel up her soul—that hellish, ever-accusing clink of a coin!

Tis a masculine axiom that the married woman who goes wrong has nobody but herself to blame—the which is both grievously unjust and terribly true. She knows well her world—she safeguards herself. Normal man—if willing to transgress or seeking opportunities—never does fail in that respect which is her due if she deserves. She simply cannot be the innocent spoil of the wickedness of someone else—there is no such thing other than the ravisher hot-foot for hell, as a human hyena who deliberately sets out in grim determination to lustfully enslave absolutely upright and unwilling vic-

tims. The married woman, too, has heard of Jezebel whose living body the godly have flung to the dogs through all our decades. She has lifted the veil of innermost manhood and womanhood sufficient if not an idiot to know the meaning of every trap and pitfall in shaded path or open highway leading to love and passion—every sigh and covert glance and whispered confidence—every stolen hand-clasp—every indelicate allusion and suggestive word—the which make for naked sign-boards on a woman's road to nowhere. Love is permitted the maid; but when proffered to the wife of another can mean only sexual immorality. She is taught almost from infancy to beware of man the monster, and to her training and experience as a girl is added realization good or ill as may be but until then unguessed. As a married woman she is hedged about by a code of conduct and customs as old as the hills which admit of no excuse for misbehavior, or liability to insult other than as she knowingly opens the door to her own devastation. She knows it all—and if she goes to hell it is with her eyes open.

Is this true, my masters? Weve a law which says so but, dyemoind, tis man-made, as are most of the wrecks with which the shores of illicit love are strewn as well as those who rudderless and irrevocably foredoomed yet stagger on in the storm. It was the whimper of Adam in Eden—this cruelly selfish behest of blame. Take all



the courts in the world and nowhere is it so held. Her sin is the eternal and sole exception. Always the pursued and subject to every trick and deception—over-persuaded through passion with which she was born and lured by love—and yet we refuse the spar that could if she will float the sinner to fairer and more peaceful shores, regardless of all she might tell and truthfully. We make for her one code of conduct, and for ourselves quite a different one — justifying ourselves meanwhile in vapid sentences about the preservation of society which are only a confusion of values and hypocritical pretext and lawless lies. Marriage is not necessarily a preventive against feminine promiscuity—often tis the door through which she who was begat and was only born to be a harlot as often is finds courtesans of her kind. But never a pure woman put on the wedding ring without conscious honest intent. She gave her all and gladly, and with no thought other than that this man is and always will be the only one. She realizes, perhaps, that matrimony will extend her privileges as it increases her responsibilities; but of this loosened rein there is no deliberate intention to take advantage—she means to be true. But with wedded life though in new guise comes multiplied temptation, for under certain masculine well-understood limitations tis a free field. And, also, her god may not make good. Neglect—attention to other women or proven unfaithful-

ness—cruelty and abuse—these be the things on which the seducer relies and of which he knows best how to make the most. And if she be foolishly weak, behold a wanton. Women there are too who though the personification of chastity before marriage find its shelter a cloak for perverted curiosity—desire to know more of man, or willingness to enjoy a fascinating danger without real intent to actually transgress—and usually she who courts the danger will eventually absolve the deed. And last but not least there is love itself—bold, virile, beguiling and compelling though forbidden, and at white heat recognizing nether law nor reason. And though she does know, there can come a time when she does not care—but seldom is she his voluntary victim. Guilty—yes—but with her sin ever in mind if you must, who more than often is most to blame?

The unfaithful wife we were discussing just now—she whom thanks to a husband who was more monster than man we left in hell? It is only a little while ago—scarce a twelvemonth—since he sneeringly bade her good-night and shut her in with living death—with that damning evidence of her prostitution in his pocket. Shes in a mad-house—but not for long now, God willing. And in her feeble delirium she mutters brokenly of a haunting horror—an ever-pursuing curse—the clink of a coin!





ONLY a man and a woman, crouching before the fire—the room in shadow save for the glow of the grate—and between them on the hearth-rug a tiny white heap. It seems a dream—this cycle of a week in which flying hours have trod on the heels of happiness, and which, alas, has but one more day. How bright the sun shone that morning at the station—how nerves tingled and blood burned and how clamor and busy strife about him were swept away and forgotten at sight of her sweet face—life just then, was well worth living! And when sweets are stolen how time flies—what a spendthrift is love—how wasteful of his treasures—for tomorrow marks the end of it all for these two—a good-bye which each feels and knows is forever and aye.

There are reasons—implied and spoken pledges born of the years before they knew—a stone wall, atop of which are the cruel thorns of custom and law in threatening array—why they can never be more to each other than now. It has been such a joyous, tender yet tempestuous, transport—this tragedy. Through it all runs the golden thread of love entwined in som-

bre mesh of fearsome protest against everything—even gainst life itself which now seems of so little worth, because too late. Graven on the tablets of memory for all time is the hour and minute in which they first met—when each knew, as the one man and the one woman will, that fiction hath no miracles such as are found in the book of fate. Lips may dissemble; but there is no need of speech when heart meets its mate—and eyes will tell the truth. It was treason—strenuously put away and denied for a while and yet as both well knew full-confessed on the instant through that sense of telepathy which does live in hearts atune. There was ceremonious convention—sweet communion of mind—mutual confession! And separation had but welded and thrice-fastened the fetters of a love which though forbidden was yet honest—aye, aye—and infinite.

Memory holds vast treasure in store for these two. Those days by the sea when for the first time they were alone, and all in all to each other. That little cottage with its bit of lawn facing the shore, and through the open windows of which came the lullaby of the waves at night—and save for the maid who came and went with the day, all their very own. Long walks on the beach or far afield—the daily quest for shells—moonlight strolls with white sails away out yonder on the world-rim and a wondrous highway of shimmering silver on the water. Then,

long months after, that meeting in the hills—woodland walks and romps and childlike pretense of exploration of unknown lands, and that day when, after a laughing war with briar and thicket in the depths of the forest, they stumbled upon a silent city of marble slabs, and she fell on his neck in surprise and terror and sobbed as he gathered her to his breast and bore her away into the wood. There were the puzzling problems of camera and fishing reel which neither could ever solve—the books they read and the songs they sung—and with all this wanton wickedness the music of birds, a wealth of flowers, and the love of life and the joy of love. And this week—measured as seems now with an hour-glass whose sands run only the one way—marks the end of it all! Though tears are shed—without sense of guilt, because it is fate and not they who are to blame—both understand that all that links tomorrow with what has gone before must be destroyed as an oblation to the future—that the world must never know.

Tis fitting hour and place for the sacrifice—midnight, in a little cloister quite apart from the world. The air is laden with the perfume of flowers which look down from sheltered nooks and nod knowingly through the curtains of yet another cosy corner—an inner sanctuary—whose furnishings and coverlet of snowy white voice the litany of refinement and luxury. An open volume lies beside an arm chair where it fell this

afternoon when, ere they went for a walk in the park, he had thrown it aside to take her in his arms. On the mantel are photos and cherished mementoes—the whole in truth a fairy castle neath the rule of a queen whose feminine personality and charm is everywhere—and tomorrow the beginning of an empty forever. Tonight, the sacrifice of these loving—aye, living—letters whose death will wipe out the last vestige of their sin and give absolution from everything save sorrow. They must perish lest they live to accuse—these letters. And this is the hour—tonight the sacrifice—the altar a glowing grate, and before the fire two figures.

Did you ever destroy a letter that was dear to you—ruthlessly tear to shreds or watch it writhe and curl on the coals? It is no easy task, if you know. A real love letter is inspired writ, wherein some power far more potent than material mind inspires. A real love letter is the voice of the soul—it breathes the fragrance of the spirit—its written lines are pregnant with the thought of warm hands which held the pen, and clinging lips pressed to the page. To this tryst they have brought their all, and one by one love's jewel caskets are opened, the letter re-read to the last line and, alas, added to the funeral pyre. How hard it is to give to the flames these treasures of a blissful past and see them resolved into smoke-wreaths—Oh! how it hurts. How each recalls the thrill with which

it was first perused — the rapture of promised kisses many times repaid—mad, foolish vows and joy-drunken dreams—the hopes of a world —watch them shrivel and burn!

It is done—and our last day dawns! Useless — priceless — tears! Sacrilege — yes — but safe. What matters if our hearts lie scorching on the coals? Since there can be no reprieve, let us greet the guillotine gaily. The past is buried—error it might have been, but no longer is. The rule of life—those violets in your girdle will wither too, dear, in a little while. Light!—and let us drink to dead ashes!



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